

JOHN BULL

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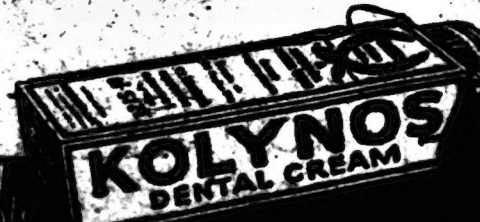
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EVERY
THURSDAYLEARN
BEFORE
WE
TEACH
*By The Editor*SHADOW
OF THE
GESTAPOLOOK
BEYOND
VICTORY
By A.G.C.

by
KOLYNOS!
of course

Canterbury lamb may be tender, but the men who hail from the ranches of the Dominion are tough—mighty tough! Small wonder that they have formed the spearhead of our attack in many theatres of war; for New Zealand is the home of men of courage and determination, splendid physique, fine features, and—good teeth, thanks to KOLYNOS, of course!

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

IMPORTANT.—USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.



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3d. packet; 1 coupon; 7d. packet, 2 coupons

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YOU HAVE JUST HEARD BACKS TUCKER AND FUGUE IN D'ANNOR



... BUT THEY WERE NOT LISTENING!

They were all too busy to switch off, with the result that electricity was wasted, and the radio's valves given unnecessary work. Because valves are on war service today they are sometimes difficult to replace, so remember to switch off when you're not really listening.

One day there will be plenty of new Mullard Sets and Valves

available, and then you, too, like the thousands of fortunate Mullard owners who today are enjoying trouble-free, true-tone listening, can once again insist on ... MULLARD.

MULLARD

RADIO VALVES AND SETS

CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES!

MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, CHANCERY AVENUE, W.C.2 (604)

"This, gentlemen, represents your final objective"



From the Service Messes to the bright spots of Mayfair, everybody's on reconnaissance after Mullard now-a-days! Smart strategy is therefore needed to locate a bottle of these super cocktails. But it's worth trying and—here's luck!

Mullard Cocktails

FOOD RESOLUTIONS 1944

If you're short of Good Resolutions pick some of these!

I resolve to ...

- cut out and keep "Food Facts" every week for reference.
- try out one new dish each week, Salt Fish, for instance.
- take advantage of all my rations and allowances, not forgetting Dried Eggs and Household Milk.
- plan my cooking to save fuel, using oven or hot-plate for the whole meal, but not both.
- keep the outside of pots and pans as clean as the insides. A film of dirt stops heat getting through and thus wastes fuel.
- plan meals for the week to save journeys to the shops and so relieve shopping congestion.
- save every crumb and crust of bread, making stale bread into rusks or breakfast cereal.
- save every drop of milk, rinsing out milk bottles with a little cold water to use in cooking.
- preserve all the vitamins in green vegetables by cooking them quickly with the lid on the pot, at the minimum of boiling water.
- trim fat from the joint before roasting and melt it down to use for cooking fat.

SEND TO THE OFFICE FIRST THURSDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

FOOD FACTS

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 183

ACT OF UNION

for the Common Good

Two great building societies—The Abbey Road and the National—have united. The immense resources of the newly formed Abbey National Building Society are pledged to the service of those millions who, when peace comes again, will wish to build their new lives on the old sure foundations of home ownership.

ABBNEY NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

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LARGE RESOURCES AVAILABLE TO ASSIST HOME OWNERSHIP

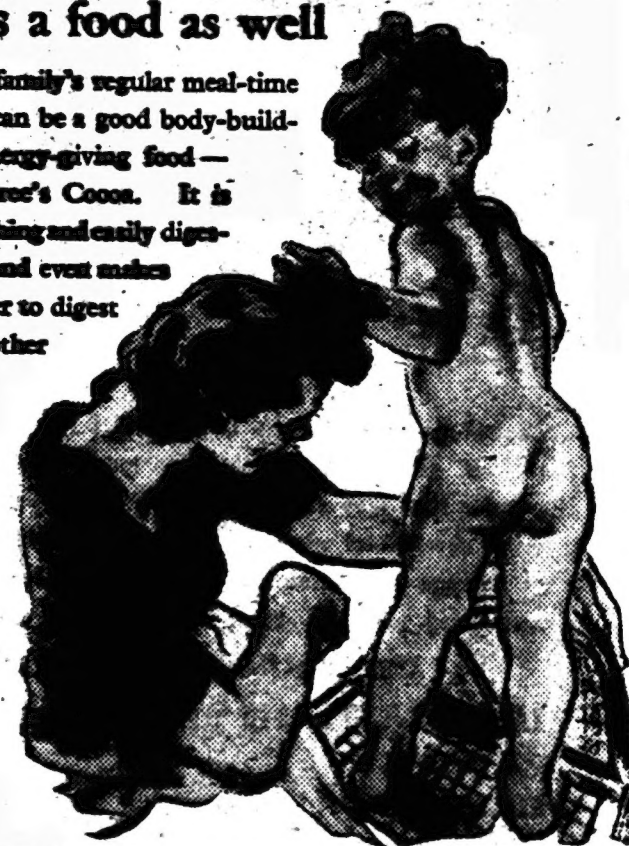


-IT MUST BE
CHERRY BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH

APPLY SPARINGLY—
THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

This meal-time drink is a food as well

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food—Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.



ROWNTREE'S COCOA
makes every meal go further

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 8, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."



straight from the Shoulder

SOMETHING NEW

THE Allies have surprises up their sleeves.

There has been something different about the latest assaults on Berlin. The successful bombing by day on targets made visible by cloud is another of the revolutionary methods predicted in these columns weeks ago.

Bigger things are yet to come.

Wait and See

In Italy, we are using a new type of rapnel. A new type of Russian tank has ripped open the German lines as a razor will go through butter. In the Pacific, the Americans are sweeping across broiling beaches with weapons too secret to be described.

But the biggest innovations are being reserved for the Western Front.

So the enemy himself declares, and the Allied leaders would hate to disappoint him.

The Plan

Above all, it is clear that a new strategy will direct the coming operations of prodigious scope and amorphous complexity.

That is implicit in the appointments of Eisenhower and Tedder. The instant adoption of their plan, which they took 'plane' to Roosevelt and Churchill, stamps it as one of considered daring and brilliant organisation—qualities which both men have shown in the past.

General Post

In the resulting General Post of generals, the choice of Leigh-Mallory as commander is perhaps the most significant. Judging by his record in the A.F.'s Fighter Command, it means that the most intensive air battles of the war will be waged.

Admiral Ramsay, as his naval counterpart, is an expert in combined operations. But so, also, are both Montgomery and Spaatz.

Thus we have a team of big men for a big job. Perhaps we shall not have to wait before we can watch them at work.

Seventy-Six

For only seventy-six of the much-heralded Ninety Days remain. The enemy, indeed, expects invasion almost at once.

Obligingly, he even tells us why: Shipping concentrations in the harbours of Southern England; considerable increase in railway and other traffic.

But perhaps we shall first dispose entirely of Berlin!

Inner Defence

Undoubtedly our invasion task has been eased by the dramatic successes of the Royal Navy and Coastal Command in the last fortnight.

The German newspapers no longer talk of U-boats and surface ships to uproot our landing craft; instead, they

devote reams of praise only to the coastal fortifications on which hundreds of thousands of slaves have toiled for years.

Certainly those defences will be a fearsome barrier.

Caution

We shall do our best to bomb them into rubble, of course. But bombs and shells cannot cut an absolutely clear path for our troops.

Heavy losses would, therefore, seem inevitable. However, you may accept this assurance: every possible precaution is being taken against needless casualties.

Ironed Out

Among recent speculations, the enemy has hinted that invasion may begin the moment the Russians pin down a part of the German reserves.

That moment seems imminent.

The great Kiev Bulge has been more than straightened out by Marshal Vatutin; the forces of his adversary, Von Manstein, seem almost to have reached cracking point.

Rot in Sight

At first their retreat was methodical. They showed the familiar German skill in organisation.

In one section of the front alone, when evacuation began, they ran eighty trains a day, got 40,000 carts over the Dnieper bridges, drove to the rear some 200,000 cattle, as many sheep, and 120,000 horses.

But now the Russian onrush has become rapid. And the German reserves may have to be thrown in.

Trojan Horse

There is another reason for long faces in the Reich. One speaker has openly referred to "the Trojan Horse which Germany has hauled inside her gates"—the millions of foreign workers slaving in German factories.

They are well guarded, yes. But millions of men with hatred in their hearts

may none the less form a powerful Fifth Column when the Allies march towards the German frontiers. And still obstreperous patriots are being deported from France and Belgium to German concentration camps!

Wise Move

In France and all the other Occupied Countries, however, there will be enough patriots left to help our advance. Incidentally, the action of the French in granting a large measure of self-rule to Syria and Lebanon is one of the wisest yet least noticed of recent developments.

Bad to Worse

In the Balkans, confusion is deepening into chaos and fear into anxiety. Threat of Allied landings has already converted Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary into liabilities for Hitler.

So here, too, our prospects are bright. Finally, from the Far East comes a trickle of bitterly won, small, but significant gains for the United Nations.

Rice Bowl

In China, the Battle of the Rice Bowl is over. Our Chinese friends have fought their way back into the smoking ruin that once was the city of Changteh, and which now reeks with the stench of rotting corpses.

Within two months the Japanese have gained and lost 6,000 square miles of China's richest food lands. In the Pacific Islands they are being slowly and skillfully out-fought by the Americans.

Things to Come

If the European conflict can be won before the leaves fall again, a big push in the Far East may begin during late autumn. Even before that, the heaviest naval forces ever assembled should be available for the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

Japan will feel a hurricane of more than tropical intensity.

Figures Speak

An Inter-Allied organisation has compiled some instructive figures on the subject.

Japan now produces between 800 and 1,200 aircraft a month. The U.S.A. turns out 9,000. Japan can replace her lost shipping at the rate of 900,000 tons a year. The American figure is nearly 20,000,000.

To say nothing of British capacity!

Sham Victories

Japan's only success nowadays is in the manufacture of spurious victories.

In the early days of the Pacific war, Tokyo communiqués were regarded with some respect. Now they are just impure flights of imagination.

The Japanese at home don't know that yet. They will eventually.

● Gradually the Beveridge Report is being whittled down.

A new mutilation may shortly become apparent, for it is expected that the Government's health proposals will show an abject surrender to the vested medical interests.

The scheme for a State medical service employing all doctors and controlling all hospitals has been turned down.

Instead, we are merely to have an extension of the health insurance scheme—the "panel."

Families will be included on the same basis as the wage earner. But there will be no compulsion to join on people whose income is over a certain figure.

In brief, the Medical Dictators have triumphed in their objections to State control. The views of young doctors now in the Forces have not been sought; the wish of the general public for Beveridge and Nothing But Beveridge has been flouted again.

Probably the idea is that the public won't notice the cuts if they are made at long intervals. But the public may not be so unintelligent as the Government evidently believes.

GOING DOWN

Plan for Transition

While enormous campaigns have yet to be begun, let alone won, it may seem premature to talk of peace plans. Not so. We must be as ready to begin the peace as we are to end the war.

So, you will agree, plans for both must be completed simultaneously. Yet those for the period of transition from war to peace are still sketchy; there is a real need to hasten the work of U.N.R.R.A., the European Advisory Council, and other bodies.

Off Again

Almost as urgent is the problem of forming a just and sensible system on which a permanent peace can rest. In this respect, one item of news is encouraging.

Lord Keynes is about to return to Washington. We believe he will discuss not only currency—and the world will remain an apple with a rotten core unless money is treated more sensibly in future—but also wider features of the economic picture.

Getting Better

There is general satisfaction at Mr. Churchill's smoothly-progressing convalescence. It can be said that he is pouring the usual flood of "directives" into the Cabinet room and various Government Departments.

And no doubt he will return to Number 10 with ideas that will make big political news.

Jobs-a-Begging!

When he is able to complete the reconstruction of the Government, when we see which failures he is prepared to drop and which new men he offers a chance of fame, we shall be able to judge how quickly we are likely to get that promised New Britain.

As Mr. Attlee said in his New Year broadcast, we must be working on plans well ahead.

Meanwhile, there is talk of Parliament returning to a peace timetable in order to deal with all the new legislation we shall need for reconstruction.

Progress

Thus, Standing Committees may be restored so that the preliminary considerations of Bills will not take up the time of the whole House.

Soon, let us hope, both Government and Parliament will be able to report progress. For there is a great deal of work to be done—and only a few precious months in which to do it.

(Continued overleaf)

1944 WAR TIME SECURITY FOR EVERY READER

As announced in last week's issue, JOHN BULL'S unparalleled War Time Security Gift will continue to operate in 1944.

JOHN BULL offers a Free Air Raid Insurance (underwritten at Lloyd's) to Fire Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, Home Guards—in fact, to every civilian reader, as well as Comprehensive Household Benefits.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

PROPERTY dealers have had a great time with houses going at two or three times their pre-war cost. And the estate agents are not going to let the good times end if they can help it.

We wish them a less prosperous New Year.

Confident Outlook

Within the last month one firm has spoken of the glowing prospects in front of agents in the coming year.

They look forward to a furious demand for properties.

Good Return

One report from Norfolk speaks unashamedly of artisan houses for investment showing a return of 6½ to 7 per cent.

Artisan houses.

The ones farm labourers would jump at in exchange for the dirty hovels they've got to live in.

Up and Up

As an example of the sky-rocketing of prices, a reader tells us of a house near Liverpool which was bought in 1925 for £1,200—and advertised the other week for over £4,000.

Unfortunately the Liverpool district isn't the only place where prices are sent soaring like this.

False Worship

Talking about accommodation reminds us of a letter we had this week from a fireman in the Merchant Navy. It brings out the contrast JOHN BULL has pointed before between the sincere public admiration for the men of the Merchant Service and the private hardships inflicted on them as a matter of course.

Hardly Ship-Shape

Just before Christmas our correspondent went aboard his ship and found that the bed he was supposed to sleep on was full of cockroaches; that the quarters he had to share with eight men were too dirty for him to store his only good suit of clothes; and that there were no proper washing facilities. Water had to be carried from amidships in a bucket.

Threatened with Trouble

Our correspondent could get no satisfaction from the Master of the ship, and he was told by the Pool official at

the port that he'd be in serious trouble if he missed the ship.

That threat carried no weight, and he refused to sail.

We're not surprised.

Done Out of Sweets

Another complaint which merchant seamen (and men in the Navy, too) are making is that when they start off on leave they are issued with out-of-date personal points coupons.

Confectioners in Portsmouth have lately been forced to turn away Servicemen because of this. The local food office has pointed out that the coupons are not valid.

There's some blundering there. Surely the men who see that we get our sugar should get their sweets.

His Reward

The fact is that our sailors and merchant seamen get too much of the "Shipmates Ashore" type of sympathy and not nearly enough practical help.

A young man of 20, with thirteen months' service in the Royal Navy, and who had been invalided from the Merchant Navy after his ship had been blown up, had to tell a Kent Court the other day that he hadn't got a suit fit even for a barman's job.

Talking Out of School

The Education Conference season has got into its stride this week. The headmasters, the assistant masters and mistresses, the Council for Education in World Citizenship have all been meeting.

The new Government Bill (which is discussed in some of its more important details on the opposite page) has been the main topic, and the President of the Board of Education has been talking about it.

Urgent Points

So have Sir William Beveridge, Gilbert Murray and J. B. Priestley.

A mixed bag of speakers. Yet one or two of the important small points were not adequately dealt with.

Missing the Chance

School dinners, for instance. Only just over one million elementary school-children out of five millions are so far getting them.

The Education Bill makes the dinners compulsory. But when? In how many years? There's only one chance to build a child's body and brain.

Nothing Doing

The scandal of dirty milk, we won't go into that again just now. But there's no sign of the improvements we called for the other week. There's still no sign that local education authorities are to get their own plants for pasteurisation, bottling and distribution.

Nothing less will do.

Thirsty Day

A reader's little girl, aged five, attends a village school. She has a two-mile walk there and back and is away from home from 8.30 a.m. till 4.30 p.m.

She gets a midday meal in the school canteen, but there is nothing whatever to drink except cold water—even in winter. Children who have been certified as needing extra nourishment get milk but, because she's very fit, this child has to go thirsty.

Another Form

From drinking to eating—and a queer bit of office work at the Ministry of Food. . . . In 1942 the Ministry decided that everyone who made cakes or scones, even housewives who sold them as a little sideline, would have to have licences.

Last October every single licence-holder was supplied with an enormous form. It asked how many pastry-hands were employed, the size of clerical staffs and all the rest of it.

Going Back a Bit

The form caused some worried amusement among the people whose bakery businesses consist of little more than their back kitchens. In the country villages, particularly, it was a mild bombshell to housewives who sold scones to their neighbours.

One question worried them especially. "How many buns did you make in a week during October, 1942?" As if they could remember.

Paper to Spare

Two examples come in readers' letters this week of the way in which Government campaigns are followed up.

Only a day or two after we'd all been told that paper salvage was now more important than the salvage of tins, a flower seller just off Piccadilly Circus was busy selling chrysanthemums and wrapping them in clean, white paper.

Maybe not much is used in this way, but still —

Lack of Evidence

Another of the Government campaigns has been against rats. They have to be reported immediately.

A reader who lives in a Birmingham suburb told his local authority that his garden shed and fowl-pen were a mass of rat holes. In places, the vermin had eaten through ½ in. timber.

An expert came round, carried out an inspection, and declared there was not enough evidence to show that there really were any rats.

Promise for Spring

Congratulations to the Board of Trade for encouraging the Back Room Boys of the cloth industry to experiment on cheaper and better materials. For two years the work has gone on.

Results will be seen this Spring. Materials practically indistinguishable from pure linen, silk or wool—and below the 5s. 6d. a yard Utility price—will be on sale. So our women are going to be as smart, or smarter, than before the war.

And that isn't just another of Mr. Dalton's promises.



★ THEIR FOOD CAN BE YOUR POISON

Not everyone has pets like these, but everyone who keeps a dog (be it ever so humble) tries to give it the best possible food in wartime. Queens at the pets' food stores are often as big as at the fishmongers'.

That's why it is a shocking thing that so much diseased meat is being sold for animals. The veterinary profession does not oppose this, and has not even thought it necessary to warn the public of the dangers of handling tuberculosis-ridden meat. A provincial sanitary inspector at a recent London conference described the selling of bad meat for pets as one of the greatest dangers to public health in the spread of tuberculosis.

Mark his words.

"Specialist"

JOHN BULL recently gave a warning that employment-with-investment propositions were flourishing dangerously.

One "specialist" we condemned was William Kates Furniss, of Ealing Broadway, London. He's appeared at the Old Bailey on a charge of fraudulent conversion.

Goes to Jail

Among the witnesses was an ex-Naval man whose life savings had been lost. We told his story some time ago and demanded that Furniss's operations should be checked.

The rogue has now been sentenced to 12 months in jail.

Other employment "specialists," please note.

It's an Example

Something else that's worth remarking is the case of the woman who, at Nottingham, was judged guilty of making an extortionate profit on a furnished house let at £7 7s. a week.

She was ordered to repay two guineas a week from June 1, 1943, fined £25, and told to pay £10 10s. costs.

A useful object lesson. But there's more to it than that.

Wake Them Up

There haven't been many such prosecutions lately. Yet we know that the ramp in furnished properties still goes on.

Have local authorities tired of the chase?

BEHIND THE NEWS

● Mr. Churchill wants to come home, says he's well enough to travel. Doctors insist on a month's convalescence.

● Harold Macmillan, our Minister attached hitherto to Eisenhower, may be recalled.

● There will be no successor to Casey, who's gone from the Middle East to Bengal. Either his understudy, Lord Moyne, or Lord Swinton, in West Africa, will soon be brought back. They have so little to do.

● Our light bombers have dropped, in 10 days' work against special targets across the Channel, a heavier load than in any night raid yet made on Germany.

● Not all their bombs have gone down on "the rocket coast." A general pre-invasion "softening up" has been the order.

● A new Nazi Luftwaffe Field Marshal is expected to take over from Sperrle, now Air C-in-C. on the Channel Coast. Fighter position in the West is the greatest concern of the Wehrmacht leaders.

● Since the Scharnhorst, another reshuffle of German naval commands has been in progress. Even Doenitz, Hitler's Grand Admiral and U-boat expert, is threatened.

● A new Speer organisation is being created consisting of Germany's leading scientists. Chief purpose is to intensify the "Secret Weapon" propaganda to frighten the Allies and encourage the German people.

● Black market in Berlin has assumed so great proportions that the Gestapo is no longer able to cope with it and Himmler's own paper pleads with the people to stop it in their own interests.

LEARN BEFORE WE TEACH!

TEACHING authorities are having plenty to say just now about the new Education Bill. It has been topic A at this week's conferences.

This piece of progressive legislation is overdue. For centuries we have denied our rightful opportunities to millions of our young people.

And the reforms now proposed, and shortly to be considered in detail by Parliament, are nothing more than a belated attempt to meet a marked responsibility.

JOHN BULL has, nevertheless, given the Education Bill a general welcome.

When it becomes law we shall certainly have made a notable advance towards the goal of equal opportunity for every boy and girl.

But the advance is not equal on all fronts. In a spirit of constructive criticism, attention must be drawn to certain "pockets of resistance" which need to be "ironed out."

Chief among these—the most serious flaw in the whole Bill—is the fact that Young People's Colleges (for day continuation classes) are not likely to be opened until some years after the war ends.

No date is mentioned in the Bill itself, but the Government had previously made it clear that local authorities would not be required to provide for this vitally important "further education" until 1948-49.

This is grossly unfair to the rising generation of to-day—and it is a particular hardship to youngsters whose schooling has been interrupted for a year or more by war time evacuation.

Now the avowed policy of the Government is the clear will of the country is to make sure that at the age of eighteen all future citizens will have had a chance to equip themselves for full service to the community.

We do not want to turn out any more boys and girls who are educationally half-baked.

We want those who can profit by higher education to be able to go right through to the university. We should like all others to be given thorough practical or technical training for work they intend to do in life.

Obviously, failure to provide Young People's Colleges immediately the war ends will condemn a great number of boys and girls to the half-baked fate of previous generations.

Therefore, all Members of Parliament who have educational reform truly at heart should stress the urgency of this particular step and urge the Government to peace until these colleges are actually provided.

SECOND grave flaw in the Bill is that fees will not be uniformly abolished in schools giving "secondary" education.

It is true that none will be charged in schools which are run wholly by local education authorities. But not all secondary schools will fall into this category.

A number of them, notably grammar schools, will receive a grant in aid from the local education authorities without being controlled by them, and they will still be permitted to charge fees.

Perhaps this would not matter if parents in every area had an alternative choice. Unfortunately, in many districts there may be no alternative.

Complete equality of opportunity may be attainable in our society. Money always has been, and, to some extent, it always will.

But no national scheme can be regarded as either complete or fair until good and free secondary education is available for all children in every part of the country.

Apart from schooling in the ordinary sense of the word, it is clear that technical education will be Britain's greatest need in the years to come.

The quality of our workmanship has enjoyed a world-wide reputation. Again and again we have been able to sell on quality where we should have been beaten on price.

And in the changing economic conditions of the post-war world the insistence on British quality-manufacture will need to be increased rather than diminished.

For this reason, the Education Bill is too niggardly in its allocations for this tremendously important branch of the training of youth.

The Board of Education's original White Paper proposed to grant no more than £500,000 for technical education during the first five years. This was a contemptible figure; rather like an offer to pay for one whitebait as part of a main dish of fish!

It is now proposed to devote rather more than £21,000,000 to technical and adult education combined over the five-year period. Even so, the provision is not big enough. It is not "half a loaf," but a mere slice of bread.

The country should not be satisfied with anything short of the finest technical schools and facilities obtainable.

In regard to our so-called "public schools," the Education Bill is studiously non-committal. Apparently, it was drafted in the belief that, if one did nothing, one could not make any blunder.

We do not share this view. It may be true that a "public school education" is of no particular value in itself, but the unchallengeable fact remains that it has always commanded a large measure of social and business privilege.

And, if the public schools are to remain as a valuable part of a British educational system based upon the principle of equal opportunity for all, they should become open to a much larger percentage of scholarship pupils.

Next comes the most thorny part of every educational reform which has ever been attempted—religious instruction. In JOHN BULL's view, the present Bill has largely surrendered to vested religious interests.

Granted the right of parents to decide whether their children are to receive any religious instruction or not, it is still a fact that in many districts the Church school is the only one available.

Agreed that religious teaching should be available in all State-controlled or State-aided schools, it is surely not right that any children anywhere in this country should be forced, through lack of an alternative, to attend a school of any particular denomination.

Without going into many minor points of criticism, we come finally to the glaring and ominous omission of any date for the further raising of the school-leaving age from fifteen to sixteen.

It is almost universally agreed that it is desirable for boys and girls to continue whole-time education until they are sixteen years old, and the Bill proposes to let them do this—as soon as it may be practicable.

But if we, as a people, take our responsibility to our children seriously, we ought to make this vital reform practicable with the least possible delay.

The cost should not deter us, for there is no national investment which pays better dividends than the sound education of the youthful citizen.

For technical reasons—shortage of actual school accommodation and teaching staff, and so on—it may not be possible to raise the school-leaving age to sixteen immediately, but we should without question set ourselves a dated target.

PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time, and in this instance it becomes the sneak-thief of our own children's chances of success in life.

We cannot as a nation afford to wait for convenient occasions; we must make our own opportunities.

Having called attention to these flaws in an otherwise admirable plan, JOHN BULL reaffirms its support of the Education Bill in general.

It has many good points and it is, broadly speaking, a good Bill. But it could be made better, and nothing less than the best is good enough for the sons and daughters of the men and women who are fighting and working to-day for the triumph of Democracy.

Hitler's Defence Pattern

QUICK approval in Britain and the U.S.A. of the appointment of the Allied Supreme Commanders for the "Second Front" contrasts brightly with the German reception of Hitler's choice of their final opponents.

Two small news items reveal the enemy's dilemma in the hour of his greatest test.

One says that Rommel has donned the uniform of the S.S. Black Guards.

The other states that Luftwaffe Field-Marshal Richthofen has been recalled to Germany.

Behind these two insignificant announcements lies the secret of the hasty and revolutionary reconstruction of the German High Command as a last-minute measure to meet defeat.

Rommel's elevation to the status of a roving "Inspector-General for Defences of the Fortress Europe"—his appointment as actual anti-invasion C-in-C. has never been announced—has already angered the senior German generals. Whatever his military qualities,

in the hierarchy of the German General Staff he has always been regarded as an upstart.

His only honest supporters were the radical Nazis, the S.A. Storm-trooper and S.S. Black Guard units which he trained and instructed.

It is to show that he must rely on them in the last resort that he has now exchanged the uniform of a German soldier with that of a Nazi Party thug.

It may not make much difference to you; but even after ten years of Hitler it means a lot in Germany.

Richthofen's case is not much different. He is known, among the German air commanders, to be Himmler's closest friend. He was the obvious choice for a leader of an independent Nazi air force, dissociated from the army, and even released from supervision by Goering.

Now that Himmler has taken personal control of all defences against Allied air raids Richthofen comes back to Germany to take command of Germany's fighter defence. Only thus was Himmler able to fit together the Nazi organisations charged with ground de-

fences and the fighter "roof" over the Reich.

Richthofen has often been named as the leader of an independent S.S. Black Guard Air Force for "internal use only." It is obvious that events have now moved him into a similar S.S. job—only with a different task.

The upshot is that the two principal German defence posts are held by radical Nazis who have been placed over the regular Wehrmacht officers.

For it is a fact that even the Luftwaffe, although built up by Goering, was commanded in the highest ranks by old-time German officers of the old army.

Thus we can now discern the defence pattern on which Hitler relies.

It is the mobilisation of the only reliable German elements for the last great battle. The S.S. Black Guards take the lead.

And the two men who will virtually face General Eisenhower and Air Chief Marshal Tedder in the final contest are Rommel and Richthofen.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Dr. BERNARD GRIFFIN,
Archbishop of Westminster

YOUR EMINENCE.—Before the end of this month you will be enthroned as head of the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain. As you may know, I have never worried about creeds or denominations—I have always preferred to believe, as you do, too, in the ultimate brotherhood of all men and all classes.

You succeed, in trying times, a great man, the late Cardinal Hinsley; and, like him, you hope to see greater co-ordination between the Anglican and Catholic Churches.

May I, dare I, presume to suggest that the best way that desired co-ordination can be achieved is by studying the needs of the "common" people?

They, as a whole, are not religiously minded. They are not constant churchgoers. But I believe that in them are the fundamental saving graces of love of their fellows and a great desire to see a more enlightened scheme of things.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is, I am told, your friend. So is every man of good will; and every woman, too. Social welfare is as dear to them as it is to you.

The care of children, the guidance of youth in a manly way, and the beauty of decent living—these are the things which drive, or urge, people to the Beauty of Belief and Faith.

Have I, then, presumed? My faith is in the inherent goodness of Mankind. There, I hope, we have something in common which will help to smooth out some of the rough, human ways to come.
—JOHN BULL.

Miss MARY HOLLOWELL,

Clerk of the Court, Stowmarket

DEAR MISS HOLLOWELL.—Congratulations on your appointment as Britain's first woman magistrates' clerk.

I am not one of those ignorant, intolerant people who resent every step taken by woman in her slow advance towards total emancipation and equality.

I have always held that the life of the nation concerns every citizen, man and woman, in the land. And public service will be vastly improved when more women like you decide to give a helping hand.

The recent publicity given the Hereford Bench over the birching of a boy evoked a flood of criticism of the country's lay magistrates.

I am not going to discuss here whether our system of petty jurisdiction is right or wrong.

But I do feel that a woman, properly trained and versed in the law, must be an asset to any court, providing, of course, that the legal mind is influenced by the charity of mercy and by an understanding of human frailty.

Most mothers, I believe, would prefer to see their naughty boys appear in a court where such qualities are to be found.

And unhappy wives, seeking maintenance or protection, would certainly benefit if a woman like you were present to advise and guide the magistrates.

It may be argued that at thirty-one you are too young and inexperienced to act in such a rôle. I disagree. Most of the intolerance and despotism in our courts comes from aged magistrates whose outlooks are warped by outworn traditions and standards.

Women like you are helping to establish new and more human values. And that is your real work.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTER

General MONTGOMERY
Leader of Britain's Second Front Army

DEAR "MONTY,"—There is no need to ask your pardon for so addressing you. When a general gets a nickname it is better proof of his popularity and leadership than a thousand citations. For many weary, yet inspiring, weeks now the men of the Eighth Army have built up around you a legend of invincibility. You smashed at Alamein the myth of Rommel's superiority, removed the menace to the Suez, and chased the Afrika Korps out of Africa.

The Eighth Army idolises you. Its men, seasoned veterans now, up to all the Hun fighting tricks and thirsting for the kill, are the world's best soldiers.

They trust you because you are one of them; because you prefer a battle blouse to a ribbon-adorned tunic; and because you put them first.

It has been rumoured that certain die-hards parading the War Office corridors are not greatly enamoured of you. They dislike your confidence, your easy manners, your democratic approach to a democratic Army.

In short, they think you're a bit of a showman, shouting your wares a shade too stridently.

Happily, Roosevelt and Churchill are too big for petty and malicious jealousy. They have chosen you to command under Eisenhower the British armies that will swing into action when we smash on land at the Fortress of Europe.

The Brass-Hats of Whitehall might have chosen differently. But I feel that if the matter had been put to popular vote the Army would have plumped wholeheartedly for you.

Your task is onerous. But you will tackle it in good heart, confident in the fighting qualities of the men under you, and convinced that you can lead them to Berlin.

Our prayers will be yours when zero-hour strikes.—JOHN BULL.



ARGUE IT OUT

By PALLAS

Envoy Extraordinary

JOHN HENRY JONES, the Lancashire steel smelter who has been hailed as "Britain's best ambassador to the United States," will make many a suave-mannered, smooth-voiced diplomat wonder why Mr. Jones has succeeded so easily in impressing Americans.

The reason is simple.

Mr. Jones has no axe to grind except the axe of truth. He doesn't try to sell anyone a pup.

★ ★ ★

Because he is not a diplomat, his statements are not suspect. Because he cannot be connected with Big Business, except in a humble wage-earning capacity, there is no suggestion that he is trying to pull a fast one.

John Henry Jones is the best type of British worker. He doesn't smoke, doesn't drink. In his own words, he doesn't go to church because he "lives his religion every day of the week."

He is always thinking of his fellow-men, working for better conditions, advising them, helping them.

When he went to the States to tell Americans about Britain he didn't mince words.

He said frankly that Britain for a year stood as the only bulwark against a Hitler-dominated world; that if we had not resolved to see this terrible business through there

would have been misery and suffering for generations yet unborn.

There's no inferiority complex about John Jones. He believes that Lancashire workers are the salt of the earth; and that Britain was fitted by the nature of her people to save the earth from the blackness and evil of the swastika.

I don't suppose John Jones cared a great deal whether Americans believed him or not. In his heart was the truth. And his lips give voice to that truth.

I don't suppose he was embarrassed by the knowledge that he was speaking for Britain. Nor could he have hoped to have triumphed so signally where men trained and schooled for the job had failed.

But there is comfort in the thought that the world, even those Americans who find it difficult to stifle distrust of all things British, can still listen and appreciate the truth, whether it is told in the broad, homely voice of a John Jones or in the magnificent silver-toned majesty of a Winston Churchill.

★ ★ ★

Britain owes much to the Joneses who have toiled and sacrificed so much. The workers and their achievements have been for years the basis of our struggle.

And the voice of John Jones and men like him will not be stilled when more frank speaking is necessary after the war.

Lord HORDER,

President, Food Education Society

MR. LORD.—This war has brought us probably the most savage and deliberate crime in history—the callous studied deprivation of millions of women and children of the food necessary to life.

Until the Nazis are smashed smithereens by the armed might of Allies, this planned starvation of German Occupied Territories will continue. Families will plead in vain for bread, underfed children will suffer, trail of malnutrition will leave ghastly mark over the years to come.

All we can hope to do, once the Light of Victory shines over the darkness of Europe, is to save what we can of the human wreckage left in the wake of the Beast.

Happily, and I use this word advisedly, there are men like you, of great scientific knowledge and achievement, who realise just how the United Nations must tackle this terrible problem.

You urge—and I agree with you—formation of a "Nutrition Council," "Food Council," which, under expert guidance, will plan for the New World a long-term policy of feeding and values.

Three organisations which transcend the ties of Nationalism are already being.

First, there is the International Labour Office, sole functioning body of the League of Nations.

Two others are U.N.R.R.A., and Hot Springs (U.S.A.) Conference, whose advocacy of a permanent International Authority for world food distribution problems is welcome proof that the United Nations are making every effort to deal ahead with the vast issues which come.

No New World, as so many people envision it, can even begin until millions of families are freed from the shadow of hunger. Your part in substituting substance for shadow will soon be defined. Then your truths will be—must be—evident.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. PHILIP RUNCIMAN,

General Council of British Shipping

DEAR SIR.—I agree wholeheartedly with you when you declare that a strong merchant fleet is a vital necessity for Britain in post-war years.

But I am not wholly in agreement with you when you declare: "If our British shipping comes under Government control that will be the beginning of its downfall."

The history of our mercantile marine is a glorious one—a story of stout heart and stout ships. But the history has a seamy side—underpaid crews, bad found vessels, poor food, cramped quarters and laid-off seamen living in idleness and miserable poverty.

Shipyards closed through lack of orders, while ships rusted in bad waters. Some shipyards were dismantled; and in places like Jarrow and Tees-side scores of thousands of skilled craftsmen rotted physically and mentally.

You will probably blame the whole economic slump for those black, depressing years; and refuse to admit that private enterprise and its profit-grabbing principles must bear part of the blame.

Like many other big business men you want a free hand to carry on to-morrow as you once carried on yesterday.

If shipping, as you say, is a vital necessity to our well-being and prosperity then the nation is entitled to demand that shipping services should be safeguarded against private exploitation.
JOHN BULL

A THOUSAND MILES TO FREEDOM—4

Shadow of the Gestapo



S.S. men also stalked the streets of Paris

Escaping from a German escort after the fall of Belgium, Guardsman A.A. crossed into France, was saved from death by a French woman whose husband had been murdered by the enemy, and carried "underground" papers for her into Paris—the City of the 5th Column

I DARE say you have, some time in your life, been through a very rough period when you didn't know which way to turn for the rent and a meal for your family and yourself?

If you have—well, somehow you got through it. And then, looking back calmly after a little while and asking yourself how you managed, you simply didn't know.

I look back on those days I spent in Nazi-occupied Paris, and just shrug my shoulders. Ask me how I lived, and I reply: "I don't quite know. God knows how I got through!"

Taste for Butter

The Nazis, I think I ought to tell you, have been hardened against food shortage since the last war. Hitler gave them guns instead of butter, and they hardly noticed the lack of it.

But when they found themselves in Paris, they began to eat in a manner that was almost terrifying.

I have seen three Nazi soldiers in one restaurant eating great mouthfuls from what I thought, at first, were slabs of ice-cream. They were huge slabs of butter.

I was dreadfully hungry. Indeed, in all those months of wandering as a fugitive, I never knew what it meant to be well-fed.

And when you are hungry—I mean, really starved, barely alive—when your machine is running down for sheer lack of coal and oil—you think only in terms of food.

The Parisians themselves were going short to fill the Nazis' bellies. I, having come as far and suffered so much, was not going to give up now out of plain hunger.

France was Sold

Once I ran into an American writer. He gave me a little money, and what was more important to me even than that—some encouraging words.

"France is sold," he said, "but England isn't. And let me tell you this: I never cared much for the English before. But now, seeing the way that island is fighting, so help me I'd die for it!"

I heard little rumours, too, of unknown Americans who had an organisation for helping Nazi-victims to escape—the same

one that got the author Lebn Feuchtwanger out of a concentration camp and packed him abroad.

I hoped to find some member of it, but I didn't. And I was getting more and more uneasy.

Paris was a city of spies. The Gestapo machine, once set in motion, had warmed up and was running with deadly and terrible efficiency.

It had started by snatching important enemies of the Nazi system. Files, documents fell into Nazi hands. They seemed to have a system, something like our own income-tax system, of tracking people down—only it moved ten times faster because they threw such an awful concentration of energy into it.

People who were known to read democratic or socialistic literature. . . . People who had been heard expressing "seditious" opinions—they were all hooked for the fearful questioning of Hitler's Secret Police.

And they talked. Many, to cover themselves, denounced innocent neighbours. A growing stream of victims poured into the grinding teeth of the machine.

Slow Torture

That is how the Gestapo works. It will torture or kill ten thousand innocent bystanders, to get one whom it considers guilty. It will prey on people's nerves. If his wife and babies are threatened, a man will do many things he'd otherwise die rather than do.

The Parisians themselves were beginning, in spite of themselves, to work for Hitler. Caretakers, doorkeepers, housekeepers in blocks of flats—and nearly all Paris lives in flats—had, before the war, been in constant touch with the French police. Now they were reporting their lodgers to the Gestapo.

I couldn't even attempt to live in a flat. I couldn't live in the streets. I wanted to get out of Paris, but to me that city had become a rat-trap. To get in had been fairly easy, then it seemed that a spring door had shut.

I went back to my old small trader. He lived in the tiniest, filthiest hovel I have ever seen.

I had 100 francs left out of what the American had given me. I offered the money to the old man. He wouldn't take it. "Let us ask Old J's advice," he said.

Old J. was a small trader who lived in

a single room. J. himself hoped to live to see Hitler "put on an island," as he said. "It will come in my time."

His grandson also traded. "He goes into the country," said old J., and winked. "He goes into the country at this time of the year and in the autumn. Perhaps he will take this child with him."

Old J.'s grandson stared at me and nodded: that meant he liked me.

He told a nasty story (I repeat no real names).

"The Gestapo lives on terror. Do you see? I get to find things out. Listen."

"There is a man called Jean who has a son. This son Jean was a Socialist. Every man is entitled to his own opinions. That is democracy, eh? This Jean, when the Nazis came, went into hiding. He was a known Socialist."

"The Gestapo caught one of his friends. This friend was a tough child: he would not talk. He was brave and feared no pain. The Nazi police took him into a room and beat him. He still wouldn't talk. Then they beat him some more. No use."

He Talked

"Then they gave him a special beating. They laid him on a table and beat him over the kidneys with a rubber pipe. They beat him for an hour and left him. His kidneys were beaten loose. Poor boy, he talked—he didn't know where Jean was—but Jean's father knew."

"So they took the old man and tried to make him talk. He would not. They beat him. He was silent. They gave him the special beating, but lighter, because he was weak and might die."

"I tell you, they are connoisseurs of torture—they know just how much, to a blow, a man can take and live without going raving mad. The old man still didn't talk. They beat him every day for a week. At last they took his wife, Jean's mother, and threatened to do the same to her. She was an old woman."

"The old man could not bear to see it. He talked, his son was in a certain place. They looked and found Jean."

"Then they beat Jean and did other things. . . . The man who told me was there; he would not tell me the other things they did. But he told me that they were not decent things—they were torture, but not clean torture. Something with water, he said, boiling water."

"Jean talked. They arrested fifteen more—mere boys. Jean is dead. They let his father go."

"As soon as the old man got home, he wrote down what happened, and hanged himself. The old lady has become insane."

"And it is to this that Laval and his dogs have sold us. I swear to you that if I find myself near him or any of them, I will strangle him with these fingers. I am not a strong man, but there is something inside me that will give me strength to hold on to that throat, alive or dead."

"Englishman, I will take you with me. Look here"; he took a tin box out of his pocket.

"I know nothing," he said, "but in France, now, nobody is safe. And who knows? If I were arrested and tortured, I might denounce the innocent as others have done; when their bodies were broken again and again their brains also broke."

"I have here three pills. They are of potassium cyanide. I got them from a photographer. One of these will kill a man in ten minutes. If I am ever taken by the Gestapo I shall swallow one."

"Englishman, you are an ally, and I am going to do you a favour. I am going to give you one, too. If caught, swallow it. Dead men can't talk or suffer. Take it."

I took it, and put it in a matchbox in my pocket. I felt sick and cold.

At sunrise next morning he gave me a great bundle to carry. We were stopped twice by the police, but got out of Paris.

"I advise you," he said, "to make for Le Havre."

It seemed to me then that I was back where I started, alone on a strange road in a foreign land.

I trudged on, and covered many miles. Then, one dim morning I came upon the most wretched collection of people I have ever seen. It was a refugee camp.

Imagine several hundreds of men, women and children huddled in shocking poverty near a long, dreary road. They were running away. Where to? Wherever God led them. From what? From the Nazis. Anywhere was better than Nazi territory.

Perhaps they might get to Free France; perhaps they might escape to England. That would be best of all. Meanwhile, they were on the run.

I saw an old woman die. She had been the mother of eight children. She had twenty-five grandchildren and one great-grandchild. She had lived and worked, doing no harm to man or beast, for nearly ninety years—only to drag herself out to die on a road while the damned Nazis clicked their heels in Paris.

I saw a child die: a little girl. She died "of a cold." There was nobody to help—no doctor, no trained nurse. Her mother was dead. Her father—a big, dark Jew—was holding the body on his knees, gently stroking her face. I spoke to him.

He said: "She was only four." To everything else that was said to him he gave the same answer: "She was only four."

Anger and Sorrow

And I saw a woman standing, staring at nothing with a fearful expression of anger and sadness in her face. Her arms were folded. Her head was thrown back. I said to her: "Good luck." She needed it. At any hour she was going to become a mother, out there on the plain.

I went to a railway station in a kind of desperate anger, and asked the Nazi officer in charge for a railway warrant to Le Havre.

My papers satisfied him. He spoke very little French, and my accent was sufficient. And he was in a condescending mood. He gave me a ticket. I rode the rest of the way to Le Havre.

And there I came as near to death as I am ever likely to be until my dying day—and at the same time had occasion to cheer the things that were going to kill me.

I got in unchallenged, and managed to buy a couple of long rolls with meat in them, and a bottle of beer. Somehow I never could manage to get on with French wine.

I ate my food and drank my beer in the shop parlour of the little wine, coal, and firewood shop where I had bought it.

The proprietor, black from head to foot with coal-dust, looked like a devil as he sat there talking. But he was a good fellow. I understood most French swear-words, but he had many I'd never heard before.

Sacred Pig Petain!

"I suppose," he said—"I'll leave out the strong stuff—" you're a Boche spy. I suppose you're from the Gestapo. Maybe you aren't. But let us say you are."

"Well, get this. You've come into my shop, and got me to sell you food and drink, and scrounged the use of my back room to sit down in, just to get me to talk."

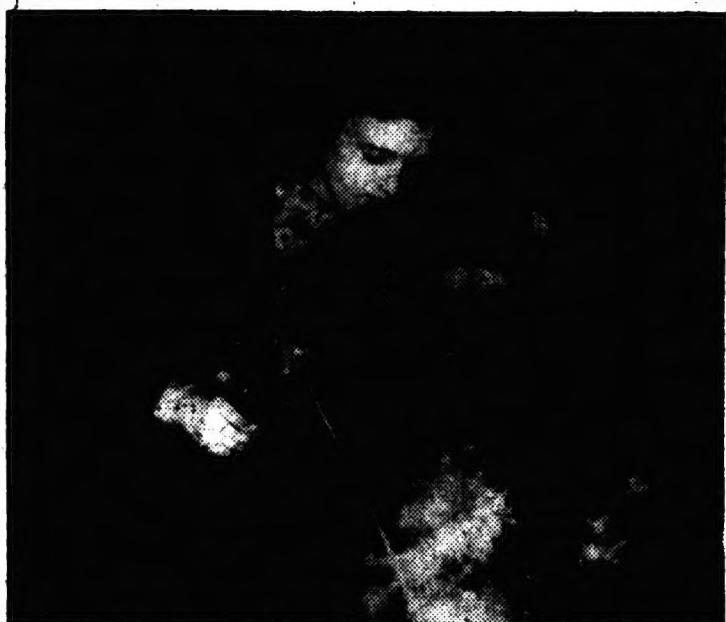
Then he shouted: "All right, damn your eyes! Down with Hitler, Laval, Goebbels, Goering and that sacred pig of a Petain! Down with all dirty Boches and all dirty traitors—and long live France!"

"Now—go and get the police and have me shot, species of filth, for I'm fed up with you all! There!"

I said: "Don't be a mug. I'm no spy. I'm an English soldier, escaping."

Next week: ONE HOUR I'LL NEVER FORGET.

SWAFFER SAYS WE MUST WORK FOR OUR NEW WORLD



★
40 hours
of this
is more
than
enough!

★

WHAT, more than anything, would the masses of the workers prefer as the first instalment of the New World once promised us after the war but now seeming farther off even than before?

Sir Walter Citrine, wisest of all the industrial leaders, has put it into these few words:

1. A shorter working week.
2. Continuance of the guaranteed week.
3. A system of social security.

5 Day Week

Actually, he means by this a five-day week of 40 hours, a fortnight's holiday with pay — and the Beveridge Plan.

In some moods we are impatient about the slowness of our progress. In others, we look back with pride on what, in a century, the trade unions have done for the workers, which means what the workers have done for themselves.

When I was a boy, they were literally slaves. Now, at least some of their shackles have been broken off—and they have the power to get rid of the rest when they make up their minds.

It is the middle-class idealists who want a New World. The workers, easily satisfied, want a little more of the old world—"food, homes and work," to use the Premier's words, without endorsing his methods of failing to implement them.

I often recall the swan-song of another Conservative leader—I mean Stanley Baldwin.

Speaking, when he gave up the Premiership, at a banquet given him by the Federation of British Industries, Baldwin pleaded to employers to do their best "to relieve the strain in modern industry." It sounded so very nice and kind of him that I almost cried while I listened.

Yet I remembered how, in the first speech he ever made in the House of Commons, Baldwin opposed the miners eight-hours' Bill, that he was the first Prime

Minister who ever lengthened the miners' working day, and that he had consistently sent to Geneva spokesmen who opposed, on behalf of the Government, at the International Labour Office gatherings, the 40-hour week which was advocated by trade unions.

Yet, if we could only wave a wand after the war, and give the workers two days' off a week instead of one and a half which they get now, it would mean to millions of them an increased measure of happiness that is beyond estimation.

Now, although Sir Walter Citrine is speaking for himself, and not officially for the T.U.C., his words must mean that nearly all the trade union leaders still demand the Beveridge Plan, whatever the Government may think about it.

It is certainly true that, next to the haunting spectre of Unemployment, until recently regarded by many industrial "economists" as necessary so that wages should be kept low, the other spectre of Poverty in Old Age is one that inspires fear in the minds of millions of people of all classes.

Indeed, until that fear is removed, the word "civilisation" will be only a phrase and nothing else.

As for the shorter working week, one result of the last Great War was that a 48-hour standard was becoming almost general.

Selfish Few

It seems impossible to realise it, but half a century ago, when I was a boy, I can remember South London shops which, after the assistants had worked for nearly twelve hours a day, from Monday morning till Saturday night, many of the businesses were open again on Sunday morning until after midday!

I can remember the rows when an early closing day came in. But I also recall how, after a few weeks, housewives got used to the idea that on one day in the week they would either have to do their shopping before midday or wait until the next morning.

Even in recent years we have heard anti-Dora squeals: "Why

can I buy cow-heel in the evening, when I can't buy tripe?" and that sort of nonsense.

The truth is that, with early closing and daylight saving, nearly 750,000 shop assistants were enabled, for the first time, to play outdoor games in the summer evenings or else go to the theatre.

Why should the selfishness of the few stand in the way of the happiness of the many?

As for the fortnight's holiday with pay which Sir Walter advocates, there will probably be as great a row over that as there was over the week's holiday with pay which was gradually being introduced before the war.

Beside the Sea

Yet such a reform would be the greatest blessing the seaside towns have ever known:

When, a few years ago, I went round the coast from Margate to Morecambe I was given, at every holiday resort, an expensive brochure praising its beauties. All the towns were then in competition for the same visitors, whereas the enforced holiday idea would have brought prosperity to all of them.

You should increase the number of your customers, not scramble for the trade of the customers there are. Just as you should distribute your bounty, so you should distribute your leisure.

Few people who live in the inland towns realise the plight of many people living at the seaside, when once the summer is over.

The vacationers get no unemployment assistance. All the boarding houses and lodging houses are empty. So are nearly all the hotels except in a few towns like Bournemouth, Brighton and Torquay.

There are a few months of prosperity in the summer, but then, at the end of August, seaside towns empty like magic and they are deserted until the next June, and some even after that.

They Deserve It

Now if, in addition to a week's holiday in the summer, the workers were given a week's holiday in the winter—and it would have to be arranged like that, for otherwise there would not be room for them in the holiday towns—it would mean, in the case of many seaside dwellers, the difference between prosperity and bankruptcy.

Remember always, whenever you hear any arguments against reforms of this kind, that you must reply: "But it was the workers and their families who saved the world. They deserve everything that can possibly be done for them. They have proved their worth. No longer are they supplicants for charity, but men and women who demand justice and human rights."

The New World will not suddenly descend on us as a gift from Heaven served up on a plate. It is an order of society which, always evolving, will become, as the years pass, more and more perfect.

No longer must the old chaos be allowed to go on. During the war we have learned to plan. But we must plan wisely—and always with a view, and with an aim, to improving the condition of the great masses instead of increasing the wealth and the privilege of the very few.

★ Are we to win the war—and then lose it? Or can we make a peace of realism, justice and permanence?

THE hour of fate is near—1943 has laid the foundations of victory. The great note of promise struck at Stalingrad and El Alamein has never wavered, and the year ended as gloriously as it began with the defeat of the enemy in the Kiev bulge and the sinking of the *Scharnhorst*.

Now the stage is set for the final act. The pattern of the grand strategy is disclosed, the battle chiefs have received their commissions, and through the length and breadth of this island mighty armies await the signal to attack.

Grim days are ahead. We must steel ourselves against heavy sacrifices and much personal sorrow. We must steel ourselves with the thought that those sacrifices and that sorrow are the price of the deliverance of the world from the powers of darkness.

But there is another thought that must be no less firmly rooted in our minds. It is not enough to overthrow the powers of darkness. We did that in 1918. And twenty-one years later they were back again in redoubled power, and all the dreadful work had to be done once more.

The victory of 1918 had been in vain. It had been in vain because all that had been won in the war had been lost in the peace that followed.

* * *

Two questions arise: What was the root cause or causes of this vast tragedy? Are we better prepared to-day than we were in 1918 against the same lamentable experience?

I am encouraged to attempt to answer the questions by the fact that I have been reading a very remarkable book called "World in Trance." It seems to me the most important war book published in the last year.

It is by a German, Leopold Schwarzschild, who fled from Germany in 1933, and in Paris conducted a small paper in which he ruthlessly exposed the German plot to reverse the verdict of the war.

It is not possible here even to suggest the full scope of this impressive indictment, which should be made accessible to all in a couple of Penguins. But I will indicate its salient points.

WE LOST THE PEACE BECAUSE THE GERMANS HAD A POLICY AND THE ALLIES HAD NONE. WE THOUGHT THAT HAVING BEATEN GERMANY AND DRIVEN THE HOHENZOLLERNS INTO EXILE ALL WAS OVER.

But the Kaiser was no more the root of the German disease than Hitler is the root of the German disease to-day. The root of the disease was the Prussian military machine which was left intact.

As Mirabeau said 150 years ago, Prussia is not a State possessing an army; it is an army possessing a State.

That is the position to-day, with this formidable aggravation that the State is now the whole of the German empire.

* * *

We allowed the Prussian monster to escape in 1918 and it set to work at once to murder the peace. It is a mistake to sup-

Look Beyond Victory

By A. G. GARDINER

pose that the revival of Germany's military designs began with Hitler.

It began the moment the armistice was signed. It began behind the mask of a sham republic. It was implicit in the scuttling of the German Navy at Scapa Flow.

No matter who was in power, every activity of Germany, under the control of the Prussian war lords, was directed to preparing for the next war.

The War Guilt Lie was invented to hoodwink the world. The Versailles Treaty Lie—the Lie of the iniquitous peace—was devised to win the sympathy of the world.

And the trick prevailed. Reparations were scaled down until they disappeared altogether.

Default followed default. The whole indebtedness of Germany was wiped out.

Meanwhile hundreds of millions of money, American money and British money, were poured into the suffering Reich to rebuild the industries that were to equip Germany for the next war. American and British money rearmed Germany.

The propaganda machine was set to work to disintegrate the Allies, to turn British sympathies against the French and American sentiment against both.

Germany was exhibited as a lamb-like innocent that was being "encircled" by an ambitious and militaristic France.

Behind this façade of blameless suffering Germany was being organised into an arsenal of war. While all the Allied world was disarming and discuss-

ing disarmament Germany was laying the mine that was to convulse the world.

By 1929 her industrial prosperity, thanks to her borrowings and her defalcations, exceeded the high-water mark of 1913.

* * *

Then came the world slump, the spark of which was lit by the *Anschluss*. And out of that catastrophe emerged Hitler and the Nazi movement, with the Prussian war lords still pulling the strings behind the scenes.

Now, surely, the world would awake to the terrific realities!

But no. It was still a disorganised rabble, still discussing disarmament, still relying upon paper guarantees of peace, still without a policy to meet the gathering menace of the dictators.

Warnings came thick and fast—Man-



He must not be robbed of the fruits of victory

churia, Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, the Rhineland. The mask was off. The Versailles peace was torn to ribbons. The League of Nations collapsed.

The avalanche was upon us. We tried appeasement. We might as well have offered a bun to a hungry tiger. On the brink of the precipice, at the inspiration of one great man, we realised the peril.

We were just in time. Only just.

* * *

Is this thing to happen again? Is this war to be won and then lost? "Learn or perish" said Lord Grey after the last war.

We did not learn and we have nearly perished—so nearly that we shudder as we look back at the narrowness of the margin.

The lesson we have to learn is clear. We must not again take refuge in dreams. We must pursue our dreams, but we must also safeguard them.

We must face the stern realities of peace, as Clemenceau alone faced them at Versailles. There we erected a dream palace of security based on the assumption that the whipped tiger would cease to be a tiger.

We were wrong. Our palace collapsed at the first spring of the recovered tiger. It collapsed because there was no force to defend our vision of peace against its enemies.

The League of Nations was a noble aspiration, but as an institution it fell because it rested on the baseless view that the moral law alone could restrain the predatory instincts of men.

It must be born again, but it must be born with claws. It must be born with a collective power that will preserve the reign of law in the international world as the police preserve the reign of law in our domestic world.

And its immediate task will be to destroy the nests of gangsterism from Prussia to Japan, beyond all possibility of their resurrection.

* * *

Is this a reasonable hope? I think it is. We have been warned. We know the dread penalty that awaits disregard of the warning.

WE SHALL NOT AGAIN BE DECEIVED BY THE CRIMINALS OF PRUSSIA OR OF JAPAN. WE SHALL NOT AGAIN BE LULLED INTO THE FOOLS' PARADISE WHICH HAS BEEN SO NEARLY FATAL TO US TWICE.

This time we shall make peace in a realistic spirit. Russia will see to that. And no mists of sentimental illusion will obscure the vision of ourselves, of America, or of China.

The hideous shape of Prussianism has been revealed to us with a nakedness and a horror that have steeled our minds against sentiment.

We know that this thing must be killed stone dead if civilised life on this planet is ever to be restored.

And with Britain, Russia, America and China as the armed guardians of the peace and security of the world we know that it can be killed.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

Facts Behind the French Purge

MOST of the recent news from French North Africa has been about the "purge."

Many people here wonder and sneer: "These Frenchmen had better get on with the war instead of fighting one another."

* * *

"Have they nothing more urgent to do than sacking generals and detaining former Ministers and Members of Parliament?"

I am afraid that such an approach to the French problem indicates a lack of understanding of what is happening not only in France but throughout occupied Europe.

The truth is that the representatives of the resistance movement inside France (recently arrived in Algiers as delegates to the Consultative Assembly) are more uncompromising on these points than General de Gaulle and the members of his Government.

These men are the driving power behind the "purge."

Now these delegates are embittered and suspicious.

They have no patience with "appeasers" of any kind.

When they arrived in North Africa they learned with indignation that hundreds of officers and civil servants who had obeyed Vichy's orders (and would probably obey them again if the occasion arose) were still in power, and that De Gaulle's efforts to have them removed had been checked both from inside and from outside.

So strong is the spiritual unity which has been forged by the patriotic struggle inside France that they all agreed to demand a clean sweep at once.

It was their intervention which compelled General Giraud to resign as co-President of the National Committee.

* * *

As a matter of fact, they even wanted him to disappear also as C-in-C. because of his past personal and ideological links with Marshal Pétain.

It was only after an urgent appeal by General de Gaulle (who re-

minded them that General Giraud enjoyed the personal confidence of General Eisenhower) that they reluctantly agreed to leave Giraud in command of the French armed forces.

The case of France is by no means exceptional and isolated. It must be considered in connection with the recent events in Yugoslavia, in Greece, and in Italy.

* * *

The people on the Continent who have experienced fascism, semi-fascism, or quislingism, are in no mood for compromise with men without a clean democratic record.

Neither Greeks, Yugoslavs, Italians, nor French will ever agree to be ruled by men whose names are linked with former persecutions of democrats.

For them this war is not only a national one; it is also an ideological battle for liberation.

It would be a fatal mistake if the Allies tried to enforce upon them men or institutions which they no longer trust.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

"T'S only natural," said Mrs. Fluke, "for a woman to look under a bed."

She lowered herself into Miss Soper's best chair and eased off her house shoes, waggling a stockinged toe at the gasfire.

"Some, of course, would take offence, thinking it was dust they were looking for. But I know better. Show a woman—any woman, duchess or dairymaid—a bed and she has to look under it."

The landlady of No. 9, Orsetto Road brushed a strand of hair from her forehead with the back of her hand.

"A woman'll spend the whole of her life looking under her bed for a man she knows isn't there. My own widowed Ma was worse. Every night, after she'd made sure the man she was looking for wasn't under her bed, she'd lock and bolt her door and set the back of a chair under the knob to make sure he wasn't going to get in."

"Wunner: are born naturally timorous creatures," Miss Soper said.

"That's one way of putting it. But I'm thinking of one night a Miss Bridle I had staying with me up on the third floor—the night she found what she'd been looking for the best part o' forty-five years."

"The scream she gave out scared the life out of our policeman two streets away. They say a cat fell off the roof across the road with the start it got."

"Not—a man under the bed?" The schoolteacher's eyes strayed towards her own bed in the corner.

"That's what she found, my dear," Mrs. Fluke recorded with satisfaction. "A man, and it came near killing two people—her from shock, and the man from the scream she gave. It all had a funny ending, too."

I often think about that Miss Bridle (Mrs. Fluke said), 'cause in a way it proves how you can go jogging on in life for months and years, then something will happen all of a sudden like and then everything happens at once.

Perhaps you'll see what I mean when I tell you about Miss Bridle and that young Mr. —. What was his name? Garry—that was it.

AND this Miss Bridle would be about fortyish, nice plump little party, but you could see at a glance she'd always been nervous about men.

She came to stay with me as a companion to a girl who was waiting in London for her parents to come home from India. That girl was a handful, but what a picture! What a temper, too! The two had a suite of rooms on the first floor—being cousins, or something. They were very fond of each other and got on fine.

The very first minute the two arrived here at No. 9 that young Mr. Garry had to get himself mixed up in it—rained you, she was a real picture, that girl! He's in the R.A.F. now, but he was an artist then and doing well illustrating stories in the magazines.

Well—he took one look at Margaret and manages to get hold of a suitcase and carry it in from the taxi. He always seemed to me an unlucky young fellow, the things that happened to him, although you'd never have guessed it to look at him. Happy-go-lucky.

He stumbled in the hall and in a flash that suitcase had burst open and there was all sorts of underclothes all over the place. I doubt if the girl had noticed him until then. She turned crimson and

started snatching her things up and cramming them back. "Oh!" she said.

On account of all the labels, Sam Garry—so he said afterwards—thought she might be foreign. "If you're English," he managed, "I'm terribly sorry. Let me help you."

She turned on him like a tiger. "What difference does it make if I'm English, or French, or American, or Italian, or —?"

"All right. English. I'm sorry, that's all."

Sam was red, too, but I could see that he was looking at her dazed-like.

And that evening at dinner what did he have to do but spill a cup of black coffee down her dress! He was only trying to be polite and gentlemanly. She gave him one look and went up to her room.

"MARGARET is highly strung," Miss Bridle said.

That night Sam said to me: "Auntie," he said. He always called me "Auntie." "Auntie, when that girl's about I simply don't know what I'm doing. All thumbs. I must say," he said, "she's got a mighty fine idea of herself."

On top of this, that week I had a gentleman come in that was staying in London for a month on account of some doctor he had to see twice a week.

Major Parke—and his married sister brought him up from the country, where he lived in a big house. Now he was one of the nicest, quietest parties I've ever had—a bachelor with one of those pink faces and white moustache. I knew his trouble at a glance.

Well, the first surprise was that he and Miss Bridle had known each other for years—the girl, too, of course. Although I must say he was proper scared of the girl.

Now Let's Be Definite

THE definite man of Northamptonshire who got himself in the news the other day is a bit of a rare bird these days. He knows what he means. He says what he means. No trimmings.

Many people to-day say what they don't mean. "What a lovely home you've got, my dear." But, worse than that—in my opinion, much worse—many people don't say what they mean. They say bits of it. Now and again they get as far as half of it.

But they will water it down.

★ ★ ★

"You know, you are rather a darling," says he in the modern, lukewarm fashion, when all the time he means that she's the greatest thing on earth.

It's just as easy to say that she's the greatest thing on earth as that she's rather a darling.

But people will water things down.

If you think a man is the lowest villain on earth, why not say so?

Certainly few people would go as far as saying of a man that he was the lowest villain on earth. "Really, you know, he is a bit of a skunk." That's as much as you get in these days.

It's because he really thinks a thing and ups and says just what that the definite man of Northamptonshire stands out from his fellow-men in these shilly-shallying times.

"Not much of a lady's man," he told me. "Never was."

They all settled down pretty comfortable, and I noticed it wasn't long before after dinner there was that Sam on the settee with the girl talking about art. "Fancy," Miss Bridle said to me. "His father's an admiral and he goes in for painting!"

Now that same was a handsome young scamp, and no girl is proof against admiration—the sort Sam couldn't help showing. He took her one morning to an art show, and when they went off to the pictures next night I said to myself things were going all right.

But Sam overdid it. He took her out to Twickenham one afternoon on the river, and maybe he was trying to show her something about rowing—'cause he used to row at Cambridge or some place—anyway he broke an oar, upset the boat, and that girl arrived home in a taxi by herself madder than a wet hen.

She was soaked, and her nose was red, and she was sneezing.

"She called me an oaf," Sam told me. "Told me to keep out of her sight from now on. The bad-tempered little—"

"That's enough of that!" I said.

Now this Miss Bridle, while all this was going on, was like a hen with a single chick over the major. She knew what was wrong and



In a flash the suitcase had burst open

she always seemed to be somewhere round, fussing over him and seeing that he drank his lime-juice and rested.

Course, he pretended it got on his nerves, but there's nothing like a woman's care when you're a middle-aged bachelor and have taken to noticing other people's grown-up children and things like that.

Things were pretty quiet for two or three days; then one night the girl sees me in the hall. "Oh, Mrs. Fluke," she says. "If—if you see Mr. Garry any time I want to apologise for calling him a ham-handed oaf. I'd tell him myself, only I haven't seen him about."

"He went home for a few days," I told her. "I'll tell him when he gets back." And I did. He came back that night just as I was taking the girl's Peke out for a last walk.

"Tell you what, Sam," I said. "Take the dog out and then you can return her to—Margaret."

"Auntie!" he said. "God bless you!" And off he went.

WELL, that Peke chased a cat and when Sam scolded her she bolted under a taxi. Nothing Sam—or the taxi-man—could do would get her out, so Sam crawled under. If you've ever seen a prize Peke covered in black motor oil drippings and road dirt you'll know what I mean

when I say I wondered what it was Sam brought back to the house. He was covered in oil, too.

"I'll take her up and say it was me," I said.

But that boy's chin had come out like a rock—you know how obstinate men can be. "I'm going to wash the little—little dog and take her up myself."

That wasn't how it came out. That dog made such a row in the basin Margaret came down. "What on earth are you doing to Toots?" she asked.

"Washing your damn dog," Sam said. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind putting her down before you drown her?"

SAM had soap in his eyes and was soaked all down the front of him. "With pleasure," he snapped and planked the dog in her arms.

"Oh!" she said, and with that she kicked him on the shins.

Well, next morning I saw Miss Bridle wandering round, lost. "Where's the major?" I asked her, and she said he'd gone to his doctor.

"You know, Mrs. Fluke," she said. "It was funny meeting Max here. I was in my teens in the last war and he was my great hero. He won all sorts of medals. I've always kept the photograph I had of him then. I've still got it!"

She laughed, then stopped short. "The girl he was engaged to at that time married someone else while he was in France. I've always felt so sorry for him."

"He should have married," I said. "He's the sort that makes some lucky woman happy. If he doesn't—well, it brings trouble."

★ ★ ★
If I met such a man I'd up and say it. You wouldn't catch me saying to such a man: "You know, I rather think that, on the whole, it must be rather nice having one like you about the house. I rather think it must."
No, sir. I'd be definite.
I'd clap him on the shoulder. I'd look him in the eye. I'd say, without any hesitation:
"You must be a nice little man to live with!"
A. G.

By B. L.
JACOT

She nodded. "Poor Maxie," she said. Well, that day it didn't seem there was much fun about. Just jogging along, as said. Sam and the girl were at daggers drawn.

But that night things began to happen.

It was a knock on my door that woke me. "Mrs. Fluke!" someone whispered. I think there's a burglar." I switched the light and saw it was Margaret. I heard someone in my room. But he made off... when I got out of bed!

She wasn't the sort to go imagining horrors, so I slipped on some things and won the passage we went.

Now, lots of people have the key to the front door and keys get lost. I'm not going to say I wasn't scared.

Then—suddenly—there was a terrible shriek, and I must have nearly fainted. I held on to each other with our eyes shut tight, then a door banged open and I felt the girl go. When I got my eyes open she was anchored on Sam's chest, most strangling him.

"Murder! Murder!" she was shouting. He's murdered her! Oh!"

"Whose murdered who?" Sam asked, winding her arm from his throat.

"Oh, why don't you go and see?" she shouted.

"Just what I'm trying to do. Let go, fathead!"

"Oh, no! Don't go. You'll get killed, too."

There was a knocking at the front door. "The police," I said.

"Let 'em in," Sam ordered. "That team came from Miss Bridle's room."

What a night that was! Miss Bridle had been reading late in her sitting-room. When she went to get into bed, of course she looked under it—and what she saw but a pair of boots with feet sticking out! After the scream she dropped dead faint.

It was the major. Convalescing from an attack of D.T.s, but he'd played truant on the doctor, and what a load he had taken on! All he knew was he was looking for his bed and couldn't find it for miles, who kept walking in on him when he thought he'd got it.

BUT, as I said at the start, something will happen suddenly, then everything that ought to have happened long ago happens, too. When I went into Miss Bridle's room, there she was in the major's arms, where she should have been years ago. The major was sober enough then.

This is the happiest moment of my life," he said. "Why didn't I think of it before! We're going to get married without wasting any more time. Agnes, dear—"

But poor Miss Bridle must have suddenly realised what she had found under the bed after all these years, and it was much for her. She let go and had a fainting fit.

"Sam!" I yelled. "Do something!"

There was no use calling that boy. He was both his arms round that girl on the landing outside, so I went back to bed.

At the double wedding, it was, at the register office. I cried my heart out. Sam didn't want the girl to go to India with her people, and Miss Fluke wasn't going to let the major go to heavy drinking.

Just shows you (said Mrs. Fluke) that can happen through looking under the bed.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Has He Hoaxed the Government?

OFTEN I have protested in these columns against the casual manner in which people of bad reputation—even convicted criminals—have obtained important positions in Government Departments or work relating to Government contracts.

In case after case I have found that little, if any, preliminary investigation is made about them.

Shipping experts have lately been supplied with the post-war plans of a Mr. George Crellin, who describes himself as a naval architect and an aircraft designer of experience.

Among other things, he claims to be the designer of what he says will one day be the "World's Largest Flying Boat."

SOUNDS COLOSSAL

I have been privileged to see a sketch of the proposed vessel which, so Mr. Crellin says, is to be built to carry 120 passengers across the Atlantic on a single journey.

Compared with other aircraft, it will have increased seating, baggage, mail, freight, strength, safety, speed and cruising range.

Mr. Crellin has so carefully and economically schemed the seating arrangements that both low capital and reduced operating costs will be marked features of the enterprise, which therefore means lower fares and freight charges.

It all sounds colossal. According to Mr. Crellin he has been granted official permission to publish his designs, hand them over to America, and to form a company to which his designs and patents will be transferred.

When I first heard of this "World's Largest Flying Boat" scheme, and the Government's supposed "permission," I was rather sceptical. And I still am!

I urge anyone who comes across Mr. George Crellin to treat his magnificent and well-told stories with caution.

The appropriate Government Departments I have approached for verification of his statements about "official permission" have so far failed to afford me any information at all.

Moreover, if any kind of Government support has been given to this post-war flying-boat venture the Department concerned has acted rashly.

For Mr. George Crellin is identical with a crook who, for fifteen years at least, has been living most profitably in a world of amazing make-believe. Some of the many people he has imposed upon have been keen business men who were dazzled by his personality and charm.

GRAVE MATTER

As a company has apparently been formed to put his schemes into effect, the following facts are published as a warning to all who might be approached for support.

The last time I saw Crellin was in June, 1941, when he was in the dock at the Old Bailey for alleged offences under the Official Secrets Act and the Defence Regulations.

As the trial was held in secret, I cannot say what charges his accusers proved against him. But I can say that, at the time the offences for which he was then found guilty were committed, he was in the employ of a Government Department with access to Government documents!

Mr. Justice Macnaghten, in fact, when sentencing him to fifteen months' imprisonment, told him it was a grave matter that a person entrusted with important documents should have misused them.

"MYTHICAL MILLIONS"

He added that Crellin had "acted flagrantly in violation of the standards that the Civil Service of this country has always maintained."

But he did not ask why Crellin had ever been allowed in the Civil Service at all.

The fact that Crellin was permitted to get into a position in which he could secure official documents—and misuse them—is of renewed importance to-day when this man is launching his "World's Largest Flying Boat" scheme under a suggested official halo.

For, on December 20, 1939, at the Mansion House Police Court, in the name of George Charles Gore-Crellin, he was charged with having obtained credit on a large scale without disclosing that he was an undischarged bankrupt.

He was prosecuted on that occasion by the Board of Trade.

A detective inspector disclosed a colourful story of his misdeeds. He described him as a "financial genius," and "a man of mythical millions."

PENILESS

The most staggering details of his spectacular record were revealed to the judge and jury, and it was clear that some of his remarkable exploits were carried out when he was more or less penniless!

Columns could be filled with incidents from the long career of this dangerous hoaxer and cheat.

But what chiefly concerns me at the present time is not only the fact that Crellin managed, despite his bad record, to obtain a position with the Civil Service (and then proceeded to misuse official documents) after he had served his 1939 sentence, but that he has lately been obtaining publicity on the statement that a Government Department



Mr. Justice Macnaghten told him it was a grave matter

has approved the publication of his "World's Largest Flying Boat" designs, and also for the formation of the company that is to raise the necessary capital to exploit it.

If the Government has done such a thing it is surely preposterous—not only because Crellin completed his last prison sentence little more than a year ago, but also because the Board of Trade had itself previously prosecuted him for criminal offences.

I shall watch for some speedy explanation of this extraordinary state of affairs with the greatest interest.

And so will others I know.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. W. Baxter, Bengewood Road, Camberwell, London, S.E.5, has been awarded this week's £1 ls.

Letters are invited about any suspected scandal or ramp. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Monstrous Nomads

A NEW and serious variation of the "Service" frauds I recently exposed has begun. Once more I hope to be in time to save potential victims.

Since the amended Pensions Regulations came into force a number of heartless rogues, generally using assumed names, have been operating in different parts.

One or two of them, now "on the run," have already been identified as convicted criminals working under new aliases.

★ ★ ★

After getting information about the circumstances of potential victims, they call upon ex-Servicemen and others who may now be entitled to awards hitherto denied them. Some say they are from the Ministry itself; others from well-known welfare organisations.

For example:

A South London woman had vainly applied for a pension regarding her husband, who died after an accident on a trawler commandeered for war purposes.

Recently she was visited by a man who said he had come from "the local pensions advisory bureau."

He thought the facts of her case "scandalous." She was now, he added, undoubtedly entitled to a pension.

★ ★ ★

Of course, there was a fee payable in advance to cover legal expenses, but all would be well if she paid that at once. She did so, and since he departed with her money she has heard no more.

The police at Guildford have investigated several complaints about a woman operating the same callous trick.

Scotland Yard officers made a smart capture a week or so ago of a convincing young woman named Betty Hughes, of Melbourne Avenue, West Ealing, London, who called on pensioners. Pretending to be attached to the Ministry, she obtained money by saying she could get their pensions increased.

More arrests are expected. Meantime, always ask to see the credentials of people who call on you with stories like these. If they are genuine, they'll show them at once.

He's Sore About Slum Ships

I SPENT eight hours on a broken hatchboard last trip, and nearly a week in hospital after they brought me ashore. So, between leaving the ship somewhere near E-boat Alley and now, I've had time to think.

Apart from looking at the Present and the Future, it doesn't do any harm to regard the Past; I've been thinking about all three.

One thing I thought over was what Britain intended doing about any new suggested German Mercantile Marine after this show's over.

We don't want a repetition of the Hugo Stinnes "deals" when we've settled the Peace Conference details. That particular Fritz was too clever for one man, and little Adolf was among the first to recognise what a smart guy Hugo was! Stinnes and his pals helped put Hitler where he was in 1939.

Four Years of It

It's taken us more than four years to start levering Hitler out of the position in which those German financiers put him! All because of ships. . . .

About the Present: I've just read in a newspaper that the Government has discussed with representatives of ship-owners, officers and men the part the Merchant Service is to play in the "coming mass invasion of Europe."

It would appear that these "second front" talks were conducted in an "atmosphere of cordiality," and that merchant seamen "are being given the opportunity to indicate at once their willingness to accept certain conditions of service in the event of being called upon, and no overtime."

I like those last three words. They'd be funny if they weren't tragic. When Jerry hammered us the old hooker was carrying a few thousand tons of supplies; we HAD to work seven days a week, a 168-hour week, and no question of overtime.

Isn't it time the Government realised that conditions on the coast—and in a lot of ocean-going ships—are worse than bad! Overtime? We wouldn't worry about that point if someone could make an effort to right wrongs which have existed since long before 1939.

Do you remember showing me a letter you had in May, 1942, from the editor of a big London daily newspaper?

I seem to remember a sentence which went something like this: "... and Mr. Noel-Baker has assured us that the Government has scheduled immediate improvements in coastwise tramp shipping for this year." That was eighteen months ago. We're still waiting to see what's to be done!

Figures Speak

In hospital, I borrowed a book: "British Shipping: Its History, Organisation, and Importance." I'm quoting from that book now, because I took a note of this and a few other items:

"Probably the most economical means of national distribution of car-



We still do not realise what we owe to this seaman

goes brought to Britain in ocean-going vessels is by the coastal trade, which is now reaching astronomical figures. In 1931, these little ships transported 48,000,000 tons; 1935, 54,700,000; 1936, 56,699,000; 1937, 58,393,000."

Goodness knows what to-day's figure is. Coastwise tramps are making at least 25,000 voyages along the coasts. And a lot of crews are living in conditions which won't stand comparison with a farmyard.

Slum ships. That's what Goebbels called them around Munich week. At that time, too, in the Houses of Parliament, a certain M.P. said this about coastwise tramps:

"They are dismal, ill-painted hovels of the sea. Having no clothes lockers, the men hang wet underclothing on string stretched from end to end of their bunks. There are one or two hard benches for seats; messrooms are merely iron-walled spaces; accommodation is rough, untidy, uncomfortable, usually verminous. Sanitary arrangements are unbelievably foul. What the law tolerates amazes me. . . ."

We'll Show Him

And ships of this class, during 1937-8 and '39, were "showing the Flag" in some German ports.

★ An ordinary merchant seaman wrote this letter to WARREN ARMSTRONG. He doesn't use soft-soap language—but why should he? For he tells of a disgrace to the name of Britain . . .

No wonder Goebbels had a crack at "decadent England," and quoted that Parliamentary debate. What was true then is pretty well much the same to-day. We're sore about it. But we'll show Goebbels yet!

I've linked the Past with the Present, but both are bound up with the Future, certainly in the coast trade. One thing we on the coast want to know is when there will be specific instruction as to manning. Maybe the union executives could tell us? Somehow, we don't think they can.

And the Unions?

When delegates send resolutions to annual general meetings and nothing's done about them, despite unanimous demands, what else is a fellow to think?

I'm going to make a bold statement. A lot of seamen are pretty sick of the unions' helplessness.

If you or the union executives deny this why not get a poll from the men themselves?

I don't know how it could be done; perhaps if this letter is printed that might have the desired effect.

People don't understand how the war situation depends on shipping. People don't appreciate the vital link between shipping and any new front supplies, and shipping and strategy.

No new front is possible without merchant seamen and merchant ships. And so these men who are to "indicate their willingness at once" apparently have no say in the matter. They're essential.

I bumped into old J. J. last week. He's still chief-engineering in a motor-tanker. Her rating is 187 gross register tons. He's been in her since March, '39. She carries 37,000 gallons of aircraft spirit each trip.

Not exactly what you'd call health-cruising with the Jerries about most of the time?

He was telling me: because his ship isn't in the "more than 200 tons class" he and the boys miss plenty. Something wrong there. Yet—who the blazes IS there to put it right?

HUMAN MACHINE

Find the Cause of the Trouble

● If there is one word that, more than another, describes the times we are living in, that word is "problems." We all have problems.

They may be of one sort; they may be of another. They may be personal; they may be more general. They may be big; they may be small. But there is no one to-day lucky enough to have no problems at all that call for solution.

Now, if there is anything at all to be learned from the lessons psychology tries to teach it is just in this sphere of problem-solving that the most benefit is to be obtained.

For here there enters the very first law that psychology has been able to establish beyond any doubt whatever: For everything in mental life there is a reason. What anyone thinks or feels or does at a certain time is the result of causes. And these causes are discoverable and knowable.

There is no doubt whatever about

that. Mental things have causes just as physical things have causes. There is no such thing as blind chance anywhere in the world. And the important conclusion follows that when a thing has a cause that cause can be discovered and, if it is harmful, can be tackled and removed.

That is why it is no use when we are worried and upset and irritable just butting around in a hit-or-miss fashion to try if this or that will remove the cause of our worry.

No use scolding someone else, going for a walk, sulking, doing nothing. The sensible thing to do is to think back step by step to see what caused the trouble.

We shan't always find it, but we shall in nine cases out of ten; and then we can do something to remedy it.

In any case, the mere act of searching will get rid of an awful lot of mental rubbish!

VOICE

THERE is much discussion among the men serving with our far-flung armies about the "Brave New World" that will greet them on their return. Here is Sgt. J. Greig, R.E.M.E., serving with the M.E.F., letting off steam in a letter to his parents at Menzies Road, Aberdeen:

Reading the home newspapers these days causes me to think that the British I used to know is a thing of the past. For months now the Beveridge Report has been debated and discussed, but nothing is done about it except vague promises of action in the beautiful and by.

Don't you people at home realise that we have got to have something to look forward to when we get home, and something to fight for? I'm beginning to think that it will not be worth while coming back to Britain as little seems to be done to prepare for our return. The war, in spite of some experts, will not go on for ever!

During the last war it was said that our country was going to be a fit place for heroes to live in, and it turned out that one had to be a hero to live in it. For the love of Pete, let's have a little action from some of you.

The fellows in Italy and elsewhere have been fighting for you. Don't you think it is up to the people back home to do something about these things?

I have been waiting to see something about the Beveridge Report in your letters, but there hasn't been even a murmur about it from you. I know that you are not politically minded, but surely this is a thing that everybody should be interested in and realise its possibilities. I am not speaking only for myself; nearly all the boys out here are talking in the same way. It is up to you, father and mother, and the millions of other fathers and mothers, to get up on your hind legs and demand that the Beveridge Report be passed and put into operation right away without any further "ifs" and "buts."

Don't think that I am complaining but it will probably be after six years' service before some of us get home again after war is done. If it is going to take as long to get plans under way for getting us back into "Civvy Street," as it is likely to get even a part of the Beveridge Report translated into action, it seems that our hopes of the future will be pretty dim.

GREAT PEOPLE

A trip to Russia is described by Petty Officer G. W. Hopcraft, R.N., in a letter to a relative at Charlbury Road, Nottingham:

... We soon had news that we were bound for North Russia with important people on board, so we were very much on our toes when the trip began.

Anything might have happened before the end of the voyage, but it proved uneventful. As we went north the day shortened until we had only one and half hours of dim daylight each day, and the temperature fell to 27 degrees below freezing point. We had been supplied with extra blankets, huge sheepskin gloves, heavily lined coats, jerseys, etc., and we needed them.

One morning we dropped anchor in a little bay surrounded by huge cliffs and snow-covered hills. We had arrived in Russia!

... The next day we were allowed ashore, and the chaps with beards and had icicles hanging from them. The Russians gave us a warm welcome. The first Russian girls we had ever seen came towards us laughing and joking. It was all very friendly, even though I did not understand their language.

OF THE TROOPS



But not all Russian women look like this

our surprise, the girls were dressed much like those at home; in fact, wore so little extra winter clothing we felt rather overdressed.

They were taken along to a big hall which was a communal feeding centre. A good time was had by all. This is typical of the warm-hearted hospitality we received during the whole of the stay.

These Russians are great people. None we saw seemed to be doing anything useful to help things along. Little groups, arguing about how to win the war, but all of them really get down to the job: men, women, and children.

I saw—determination, cheeriness, endurance, and the will to win. A great deal!

HOSPITALITY

in the R.A.F. and see the world for the idea. LAC/F. Kirk, training Canada to be a pilot, has been doing things, and writes to his wife Buse Bridge, Carlton, Notts:

"I have seen New York, the skyscrapers, the Statue of Liberty, Brooklyn, and the French liner Normandie in the harbour.

When in Canada we have seen thousands of miles of forests and prairies, the Great Lakes. Can you imagine it? One of them is larger than Britain.

We have been in Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, and everywhere they have given us a warm welcome. Winnipeg our reception was colossal. Hundreds of people on the platform as the train drew into the station, with the band playing in to our own.

We were carried off to the station for a "snack," and what a meal it was! Then to a dance in a hall decorated with fairy lights, flags and bunting. That was a welcome, that's

GEORGE IN PERSON

When N.A.A.F.I. supplies arrive, followed by a visit from George Formby and his wife, it is a red-letter day in the lives of the troops in the Middle East. LAC/G. Grough, R.A.F., writes to a friend Langham Street, Leeds:

Yesterday, N.A.A.F.I. supplies arrived. At each man had a tablet of soap, razor blade, toothpaste, a few cigarettes, matches, and, believe it or not—a bottle of beer!

To crown it all, we had a concert and who do you think came to see? None other than George Formby and his wife—in person! They gave a fine show, and George sang a good hour without stopping, with us singing our bit. It was song and dance all the way. A great show!

NO LIKING FOR BREAD

Monkey tricks in the jungle help to brighten the lives of some R.A.F. men stationed in India. L.A.C. L. M. Adams writes to a friend at Hollow Road, Worcester:

Thirty of us went into the jungle country and for a short time we lived in tents, having our food out in the open, using the ground for table and chairs.

The first night we amused ourselves debating what would happen to us if wandering elephants came our way in the night, trampling on our little tents. A pleasant topic, and it was a long time before we went to sleep, owing to the howls, growls and cries from various and assorted animals which seemed to be camping for the night on our doorstep.

However, it was a "quiet" night, and in the morning a huge family of monkeys paid us a visit. One of the lads took some bread for them to eat, but made the mistake of throwing it at them. Imagine his surprise and ours when the monkeys replied by throwing stones and anything they could lay their hands on at us.

Our kindness in offering them bread seemed to have been misplaced. Evidently they had no fondness for bread, or for us for that matter.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● With new areas under the Fire Prevention Order springing up, fire guard posts have to be manned nightly and heated, which means increased fuel consumption. But why set up these posts in areas never prone to attack? The often unworked N.F.S. could patrol them.—R. Lock, Exmouth, Devon.

★ ★ ★ "What offers?" This form of advertising should be stopped, as it leads to profiteering at its worst.—Miss G. Mees, Brierley Hill, Staffs.

★ ★ ★ Now that victory is assured, we should pay tribute to your contributor, A. G. Gardiner, whose articles have been a source of inspiration to your many readers.—J. M. James, Barry, South Wales.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

ACCORDING to General Smuts we are in the middle of the greatest revolution of all time, yet our personal problems are eternal—the problems of happiness and human relationships.

Here is a question from a woman reader:

I say, and my husband agrees with me, she writes, that if my husband left me for another woman it would be primarily my own fault. I must lack something that the other woman has.

After all, he did love me deeply when we married, and if he does not love me any more I say it must be my shortcomings that are to blame.

It is impossible to give a plain "yes" or "no" to such a question. In many cases, undoubtedly, the wife is to blame if the man's affections wander in another direction. She may neglect him; she may neglect herself; she may become a very different person from the one he knew in courting days.

These things tend to kill affection. But it is not always the wife's fault. There are some men whose instincts seem to be polygamous; they want to love a number of women, to be Don Juans or Casanovas. No one woman can monopolise them.

I have had letters from such men, but none of them is genuinely happy. One of them told me he ought to have been born a Mohammedan.

I am well over fifty, writes another woman reader, and although I am far from strong I manage to do the whole of the work—shopping, cooking, washing and household chores. I have always prided myself on being a good wife, and when the family return they find the house in apple-pie order and myself looking attractive.

I have often despised the Marys of this world and yet marvelled at the attentions they expect—and get—but all we Marthas want is a little praise now and then.

My day starts at 6.30 a.m. and I am writing this at 11.15 p.m. because I haven't had a moment to do the things I really want to do.

An article of yours has set me thinking. I am wondering if, after all, I haven't made a big mistake. There are so many things I long to do—to read good books, to sew and embroider pretty things, to visit interesting people; but always, because I am "mother," duty has come first and I smile whilst I smother my inclinations.

Wouldn't it have been better if I had let things go a bit? Ought I not to become a Mary and leave the disagreeable duties to be distributed evenly over other members of the household? These are the questions I keep asking myself, knowing full well that I am too old to alter now. Thinking and planning for others has become automatic. If I were told I had only a few hours to live, I know I should spend them in putting everything straight for my dear ones.

Please tell the young women of to-day

Passing Through the Darkness

WE cannot see the road ahead, nor what it holds in store; we cannot see the way that winds up and out of this war.

We cannot know the things that will array themselves for right, but we can resolve to carry on and work with all our might.

We cannot see the stars that shine for us while it is day; it needs the night,



Cooking and household chores are not enough

not to become Marthas. Life passes so swiftly. I wish I had made the time to do the things I want. Maybe I have spelt the name wrong. Perhaps Martha should be "Martyr."

Any woman who has intelligence and imagination is bound to need some "intellectual" and artistic interests in her life. She cannot be wholly absorbed by domestic duties and local chit-chat.

It is possible to sacrifice too much, and in nine cases out of ten there is small thanks for it.

I wonder what housewives think about the subject. And I wonder, too, what they will think about the following letter from a man?

I read your problems with great interest, he says, but a great many of them come from people who fail to understand themselves. They are victims of mild neuroses, commonly known as "nerves."

The mother who thinks she is neglected, the young man who adores his fiancée but feels there is some barrier between them, the married couple who sulk over trifles—it all boils down to the same thing: nerves!

These people all think wrongly. They imagine they are different from others, but in fact they are just like everyone else. They think the same, feel the same, act the same; but they make one enormous mistake in thinking too much about their own feelings.

The cure lies within themselves. They are doing their best and no one can do more. They must learn to put trifles in their proper place.

It can be done. I am only a working man, but I have done it.

Whether readers agree with him or not, I think most of us agree that introspection is often a poison to personal happiness. There is nothing more likely to make a mountain out of a molehill, to magnify the little trouble out of all sane proportions.

After seeing the Pleiades through a telescope, Tennyson remarked: "That makes one think rather less of the county families!" Perhaps more telescope and less microscope would help us to get things into better perspective.

with all its dark, their glory to display. And so while we are passing through things we can't understand, let us with faith stretch out to touch God's Wise and Loving Hand.

WE cannot see so many things that we all long to see, but we're only passing through the dark, towards the light which all men will see. J. M.

Power for WAR!



Power Stations everywhere are the driving force behind the war factories. You can save power for the National War Effort and have bright, economical lighting by using

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LAMPS

They Stay Bright Longer



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Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

3979



A Big Welcome for these SAVOURY PANCAKES

A glorious supper-dish—pancakes stuffed with a savoury filling! There's no egg shortage now that the present ration is two packets of dried eggs for everybody. So serve them often!

Mix 4 oz. flour, a little salt, and 1 dried egg (dry). Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and water mixed—a little at a time—and mix to a smooth batter. (Makes 6 pancakes.) In dried eggs white and yolk are blended together so you get an even mixture every time. Beat the mixture well, and cook each pancake in smoking hot fat, browning it on both sides. Cook very quickly. Have savoury filling ready, fried onions or mixed cooked vegetables bound with sauce, and put a little on to each pancake while in the pan. Then roll up, ready to serve. A scrumptious meal, as nutritious as it's tasty!

Don't mix dried eggs with water till you are ready to use them.



Children holding green ration books are allowed a double ration of Dried Eggs.

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London

LAST LAUGH

G. L. (Boston).—"It only takes one-fiftieth of a second to wink the eye." But it generally takes the rest of the twenty-four hours to explain why to the wife.

D. N. (East Coast).—"Just before the conclusion of a football match at an R.A.F. station near here the referee had to leave the field hurriedly by 'plane.' We have seen matches like that in the Midlands.

G. M. (Goole).—"Hitler, I am told, was so delicate as a child that his mother almost despaired of rearing him." Unfortunately, however, she persevered?

D. E. (Essex).—"I rang up the plumber and within five minutes he and his mate were at the door." They must have forgotten not to come.

S. L. (Sutton).—"Scientists are trying to obtain alcohol from dough." The reverse process met with considerable success during recent sales of wine in London.

V. L. (Luton).—"Accompanied by my wife and mother-in-law I never have any difficulty in getting served in a crowded shop." That's the advantage of having a fighter umbrella escort.

E. N. (Barnet).—"Years before the Nazi Foreign Minister acquired his aristocratic prefix he was quite a good golfer." It was later that he became known as "Hole-out-in-von-Ribbentrop."

D. S. (Acton).—"It is said that some of our nursery rhymes are based on Teutonic folklore." The current trend of German propaganda seems to indicate that Dr. Goebbels was the original Little Blue Boy.

E. P. (Hornsey).—"A burglar was caught in an upper-storey London flat because the occupant left by the front door, locked it from the outside, and fetched the police." Thus, in military parlance, the breach was sealed off.

AMERICAN (London).—"London restaurants are still wonderful. I merely raised my eyebrows and two waiters appeared." You should try raising one at a taxi-driver.

B. N. (Chelsea).—"The man in the street now stops and thinks for himself." And then wonders why he is knocked down by a passing car?

F. N. (Luton).—"Hitler, I am told, likes to have a cup of coffee in bed at 6 o'clock in the morning." Provided, of course, he is out of his dugout by then?



OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER
"Step on it, Busby! We can't wait all day!"

Side-Slips

SOUTH WESTERN STAR: "Was employed as a packet at the..."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS: "There will be equal quantities of home-killed and imported beef..."

DAILY DESPATCH: "The cow is expected to burn for several days..."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS: "...said the day was docile and loved children and everybody..."

EVENING NEWS: "...for stealing postal pockets..."

KEIGHLEY NEWS: "After another two months' interval, the 'Raiders' signal will again be given..."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"Homeless and destitute people have been remembered in the will of Miss..."

GREATEST OF THESE

● There's plenty of work in war time. A job for everyone, most people would say.

But not everyone can get it, or be fit for it.

So, though William Bird desperately needs to earn wages, he has to remain underfed on the "dole." And to eat his heart out with worry for his children.

He was hardly more than a child himself—a fifteen-year-old—when he fought in France during the last war.

Twelve years ago he married. Within a few months his trouble began.

Duodenal ulcer, said the doctors, and twice operated upon him. Then they said: Totally unfit for work.

But his spirit wasn't broken. He joined up again in this war, but after three months' service had to be discharged as unfit. Without a pension, of course.

He, his wife, and their family of seven children (ages one to twelve) have to try to live on the "dole" of 53s. a week in their little home at Stainforth, near Doncaster.

And we needn't tell you how difficult—almost hopeless—is that task.

Now, will you enable us to help Mr. Bird and other decent people whose plight is as bad? Send a donation, whatever you can afford, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and we'll gratefully acknowledge it. More, we bear all administrative expenses and will send a list of current subscriptions on request.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

Healthy dogs make good companions



Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.' In packets 9 for 7d. 36 for 2/11

BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

Don't be a wire-worm!

Vastly important to our war-machine are telephones and telegraphs. Both carry a heavy and vital load of war communications. Every unnecessary call made, every needless telegram sent makes an unpatriotic call on man-power.

What do I do...?

I cut down the number of my trunk calls. I ask myself whether a letter or a postcard will not do even although not quite so quick.

I do not send telegrams except in cases of real urgency.

I remember that the Greetings Telegram Service is suspended.

When I must telephone or telegraph, I make my messages brief to clear the lines quickly.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society



RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,406

FIRST PRIZE of £50 plus Radio

E. Marsh, 6, St. Mark's St., Wakefield, for this "Bullet":—

Food, Homes And Work
LET "NONE BE DENIED"!

610: R. G. Patterson, 295, Hunts Cross Ave., Wootton, Liverpool.

Broadcasting The News—We'd Rather Miss, Sussex!

85: Mrs. F. A. Wilson, Usk Villa, Llansgynidr, Brecon.

Something Wrong Somewhere—Nigger Docking, Underneath "Steamroller"!

84: Mrs. J. A. Gellatly, "Leenhurst," North Latch, Brechin.

Miss Snow And Ice—Retreating Towards Blasted Berlin.

83: J. Rodson, 4, Snape St., Keighley.

Fighting For Just—What? For What's Just!

82: D. L. Webster, "Guthrie," Upper Highfield, Midmouth, S. Devon.

Worthy Of Dad—Son "At Buckingham Palace."

£75 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

6 Prizes of 50s.: Mrs. L. Bird, Prospect Cottage, Cullompton.

Fighting For Just—What? For What's Just!

Mrs. A. Brewster, 6, Flinton Rd., Broom Park, N.11.

Food, Homes And Work—Fudge In Laid—Legislative.

G. E. Chaplin, "Red Roof," Rising Sun Lane, Cheltenham.

Food, Homes And Work—All Round—Potted "Spheres."

W. Condon, Works Dept. Store, H.M. Dockyard, Rosyth.

When The Plumber Arrived—Eventually, We'd Grow Fine!

Mrs. A. Pearce, 177, Corporation St., Stafford.

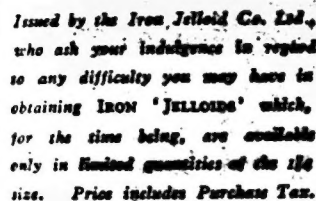
The Red Army—Quar. H. Adequately Fringed.

G. Stephenson, "Glenmore," Manor Rd., Bewley, In North—Shaking Feeling—"Feeling" Right.

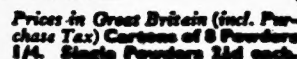
A list of 50 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices: 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 370 PRIZES WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 148

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GASSETT."



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PRICES: 3½ 6½ 1/3½
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BULLETS 1,406 RESULT Continued on page 14

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EXAMPLE _____

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EXAMPLE _____

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EXAMPLE _____

BULLET _____

EXAMPLE _____

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EXAMPLE _____

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2 FREE BULLETS

Address with 4 gold-order to South margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and receive P.O. or stamps value-free at the rate of 1¢ for each two paid bullets, my residence including 1¢ for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Jan. 29. IF TWO BULLETS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COTTON SIZE.

P.O. Value _____

No. _____ Signed _____

Clasgow Postmark, Thursday APR. 17

1,406 _____ Address _____

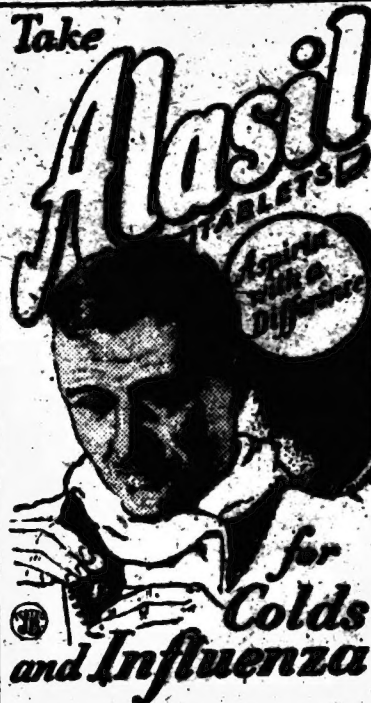
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CREAM**



Its rich, olive-oil lather gives the double luxury of a smooth shave and a soothed and comforted skin. Softening the beard in one minute, its strong bubbles—which last at least ten minutes—keep bristles erect for the razor.

PRICES: 1/6 & 2/6
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Take Alasil Tablets for Colds and Influenza

AT the first signs of a cold or influenza, one or two 'Alasil' Tablets will usually bring timely relief. 'Alasil' Tablets quickly clear the headache, relieve the stuffy, feverish sensation and aid the natural powers of resistance to combat the development of the infection. Prepared from pure aspirin, combined with 'Alacol'—a recognised, powerful gastric sedative and antacid—'Alasil' Tablets can be taken without unpleasant after effects. 'Alasil' Tablets possess special advantages for the relief of discomfort in such conditions as Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and other forms of physical, nervous or periodic pains. 6d. in Cans. Also in Bottles, 1/11 & 1/6.

NAAFI, the official canteen organisation, in the third year of the war distributed to H.M. Forces over £8,000,000 in cash and amenities—nearly double the figure for the previous year. Of this sum, nearly £6,000,000 was distributed by monthly cheques to units for the benefit of the men, in proportion to the volume of the trade in their NAAFI canteen. A further £1,200,000 was spent on NAAFI/Inns entertainment for the Forces at home and overseas, and no less than £1,000,000 was allocated to benevolent funds of the three Services and to the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund. 'This contribution to the Services' welfare can be continued only if NAAFI canteen service can be maintained with an adequate staff. Managers, Cooks and Counter Assistants are urgently needed.' Apply, NAAFI, Imperial Court, Kennington Lane, London, S.E.11, or any Employment Exchange.

* This does not apply to single women (or widows) born in the years 1918-1923

That's where NAAFI profits go!

It makes you think!

SAMUEL PEPS PROPHECY WARNING

As long ago as 1661, Peps, the famous diarist, wrote to the Admiralty to point out the danger of fire breaking out in the London docks because of the carelessness of the men and women in taking tobacco.

DOG FIRE PREVENTION EXPERT PUTS OUT CIGARETTES!

Smoking, a PEPER WHITE SUE TENDER BY THE CLASHDOWN HOTEL, DOORWAY ROAD, TRAINED HIMSELF TO BECOME A FIRE PREVENTION EXPERT. HE SEES A CIGARETTE END, HE REACHES OUT AND VORRIES IT OUT. IT IS EASY TO DO. AFTER THE BAR IS CLOSED, HE GOES ROUND IT TO MAKE SURE THAT NO CIGARETTE ENDS HAVE BEEN OVERLOOKED.

YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

Issued by the Fire Offices' Committee as part of a National Campaign supported by Government Departments concerned

"Coughs and sneezes spread diseases"

It's a national duty to keep fit and doctors agree wet feet are the main cause of colds and chills. DRI-PEL is the answer. This waterproof leather net only protects you underfoot, but also gives you guaranteed double wear. Your health and your pocket benefit. Look for the purple diamond trademark!



Your regular's supplies are strictly rationed. Ask him to be fit too.

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**5 lbs. OF COAL SAVED
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NOTE: 5 lbs. of coal are used in 2 hours by gas fire or electric oven

How many bullets a day will you produce? & Save FUEL for BATTLE

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